AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Poser 3 cop

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 12. MONTREAL, MARCH 21, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

'A Land of Villages.'

(By Mrs. Chorley Hall, in Church Missionary Gleaner.')

Who that visits Egypt, even if he has merely just entered the land, can fail to be struck by the sight of village after village as the train passes on its journey from Alexandria to Cairo? I have often tried to count them, but had at last to give up in despair. If those seen on the journey were so many, how many were there hidden from view! It has been truly said that Egypt is a land of villages.

A VISIT TO AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY VILLAGE.

Some years ago I had the privilege of going for a few days on the 'dahabiyeh, or house-boat, with Dr. and Mrs. Harpur, on their itinerating journey through some of these villages between Alexandria and Cairo.

We went to one a good way off from the canal, which we had to reach by donkey riding. The people were almost as wild as savages, indeed, I have never seen such a sight as those crowds of ignorant people who surrounded us, screaming and shouting. When we tried to tell them why we had come, and to give our gospel message, they only laughed and would not listen, and seemed afraid to ask us into their houses. They had never seen English ladies before, I should think, from the way in which they received us. We had at last to come sorrowfully away, feeling how little we had been able to accomplish that afternoon, and yet I doubt not, if we had been able to stay in the neighborhood and come and visit there often, we should soon have found friends in that village.

When people are as ignorant as we often find them in these villages, more than one flying visit is needed. It ought to be a continual 'line upon line, precept upon precept,' to do real good.

A NILE VILLAGE, BEDRASHAIN.

THE BOY 'BELONGING TO THE WATER-MELON.'

The villages are mostly reached, in the C.M.S. work, through the Medical Mission and hospital.

On our itinerating tour that I have just mentioned, Dr. Harpur went to a certain village and there saw a lad of about eighteen years of age who was very ill and needed a serious operation, of which the doctor must have told his parents. After some time had elapsed a group of 600 'fellaheen' was seen outside the hospital, one of whom was the boy who had been seen in the village.

He greeted us most eagerly, saying, 'I told them all I would come here or I would die at home. I wouldn't go to any other place than this.'

He was evidently a thoroughly spoilt child, though nearly a man in years. His parents and elder brothers and sisters had to give way to him in everything because he was ill. He came into the hospital and went through a most successful operation. We used to laugh and tell him that we could hardly believe he was ill at all.

The second or third day after the operation he requested that he might have a large piece of water-melon, which was of course refused. He almost cried over the refusal, which had to be repeated over and over again. Milk he much objected to take, but gave in at last very meekly, much to the delight of his elder brother, who was sitting beside him, and who remarked, 'We could not have made him take it at home.' The boy left the hospital quite well.

Some years later another group of people stood on the hospital steps, telling us that Mohammed sent us his best salaams.

'And who is Mohammed?' we asked.

'Don't you remember the boy "belonging to the water-melon?"' they replied, pleased with themselves for remembering the joke.

Indeed we did remember, and were so glad to know that the boy from that distant village had remembered us so affectionately, and that he sent others to be healed as he had been.

'YOU MAKE ALL THE PEOPLE CHRISTIANS.'

One of the catechists, Malam Athanasius, who has been a long time in Mission work in Old Cairo and the surounding villages, was crossing a ferry and there met a man who knew a woman who had been in the hospital. She came from a village some way off.

FELLAHEEN WOMAN.

After some conversation the man said, 'Your hospital is a very nice place and people get healed there, but we have one thing against it. You make all the people Christians.'

Malam Athanasius said that unfortunately this was not so.

'Oh, but it is,' persisted the man. 'A woman from our village went there. She was a very good Moslem when she went, and now that she has come back to her home she will not pray the Moslem prayers, and is always talking about Jesus, the Messiah.'

NO REGULAR ITINERATING MISSIONARY.

How one longs and prays that more work can be done among these simple, ignorant villagers scattered all over Egypt. We know so many here and there who would welcome most gladly the Gospel messenger who could settle amongst them, but we are so few in comparison with the great need. Each one has his or her work in hospital, dispensary, or school, and so no regularly appointed itinerary missionary is working in connection with the C.M.S. in Egypt, this land of villages which can only properly be reached in this way. Will not some pray to be sent for this especial work?

EMBARRASSING HOSPITALITY.

Their first idea is usually to offer hospitality. Many are the unpalatable things forced upon the guests, which out of fear

of hurting their feelings we have to eat or drink.

In one place where we stayed some days this difficulty was obviated by the people being told that we were very fond of milk. I wish some of our particular friends in England could have seen the basins in which the milk was offered to us. Our friends were evidently in one sense not at all pharisaical, for they certainly did not clean the outside of the cup and platter more than the inside! It was an effort of will to put it to our lips, and a good deal of extra matter, not cream, was floating on the surface. Happily all Egyptians boil their milk before using it, so though dirty it was not dangerous.

We usually carry some of Mrs. Grimké's text cards, and with these we begin our work. As soon as they are interested we read to them from the Gospel itself, explaining as we go on.

How Boys and Girls Can Help

The Rev. Henry Caldwell, missionary, at Foochow, China, writes:

Remember that I can use thousands of picture cards among my Chinese boys and girls. Any kind of a card which has a pretty picture on it will do. On these Scripture texts are pasted, thus making them the bearers of the glad tidings into many homes.

The Berean lesson rolls are in great demand and are very much admired. These I have mounted and sell them where I can. In this way I have been able to keep a school going this year. It only costs a little to send one, but these littles make a sum which enables us to make hearts glad. Send on your picture rolls, especially those which refer to the life of Christ.

For $1.00 I will send you a complete set of Foochow uncancelled postage stamps. This is a very beautiful set, and the supply is fast becoming exhausted. They are not now being issued.

I also have a few '10 cashes' pieces which will be of interest to coin collectors. There was but one issue of this coin. When it was found that the stamp was 'cashes' instead of 'cash,' as it should be, the issue was immediately called in. The pieces may be had at 25 cents each. Send U. S. postage stamps.

If you fail to receive a receipt from us for money forwarded, within three months, don't fail to write us. In all cases where curios are desired in acknowledgment of money sent us, please ask for them and they will be cheerfully sent. Many have requested us not to send them, hence unless asked for we do not promise to send them.

As an industry, some of my pupils make book-marks of Chinese silk ribbon, writing thereon, in their own language, the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' These we wish to sell in order to help the Day School Fund. For $20.00 we will mail you 250 book-marks and a pair of 'Golden Lily' silk shoes. For $10.00 we will mail you 65 and an opium mug containing incense. Smaller orders we will fill at the rate of one book-mark for ten cents. We have already filled orders amounting to more than $900.00 and friends write that the book-marks sell rapidly and are greatly admired. The shoes and opium mug you can keep as curios. The book-marks you can sell for ten cents each, reimburse yourself and give your pastor the balance for missions, or use it for some other noble purpose. If your pastor will endorse your order, I will fill it and you can remit when the book-marks are sold. Now here is a chance for any boy, girl, Sunday-school class, mission band, Sabbath school, Epworth or Junior League, to help their Chinese friends.

Send in your orders to the Rev. Harry R. Caldwell, Foochow, China.

The Teacher Before the Class

Is it for an hour or two on Sunday? Yes, that is when he is before his class gathered together. But is that the only time? Think for a moment. No, he sees some of them during the week. Then he is before them. Indeed he is before his class all the time. If not in bodily presence, he is in his own mind and the minds of his pupils. Every teacher has, or should have, a certain amount of magnetism—call it power if you would rather—and he exerts a peculiar influence in the Sunday-school. Does your living prove your teaching? We teach our pupils more impressively by example than by precept. Bishop Vincent used to say that a teacher's real lesson was what he was seven days in the week, rather than what he said one day in seven. Be consistent in your living and teaching.

Make a thorough preparation for the teaching of the lesson. No one who has consented to take a class has a right to go before it unprepared. You are standing between your pupils and God. Learn from the great teacher, and then impart those truths. Study the Bible and the best helps you can get, and above all pray! Pray that your class may have receptive hearts and that the Holy Spirit may guide and add force to what you say. In your preparation have your class before you. You know—or ought to know—their lives, their different dispositions and environments. Have something ready for each one. Prepare little pleasant surprises in the way of illustrations. Very often you can find pictures on the lesson, or objects which will help to make it clearer. Even if you have older scholars they will appreciate your extra efforts of this kind.

Have a reverence for every member of your class. God has created them with wonderful possibilities. Koestlin tells us that John Trebonius, an early teacher of Luther, was accustomed to doff his biretta in the presence of his class, 'because God might have chosen many a one of the lads present to be a future mayor, or chancellor, or learned doctor.' It was an outward sign of an inward grace. Who knows but that we may be training a Frances Willard or a Moody or Spurgeon?

When you are ready to teach the lesson have attention. Do not teach without it. What power there is in sympathy. Is it not a pleasure to teach when every attention and sympathy are with the teacher and what he is saying? Don't do all the talking yourself. Don't preach. You are training. Draw out your pupils. Do not say, yourself, what you can draw out from them. Apply the truths. Make your teaching count in every-day life.

Be a true representative of Christ. Remember that your responsibility is no less than your opportunity, and that reward comes, not for results, but for faithful service.—'Living Epistle.'

Combining the Church Services.

Not a few Christian people have been impressed that some conditions in church services could be improved. The large number of children who attend the Bible-school and rarely if ever go into the preaching service is a constant menace to church growth. A corresponding number of adults who attend with some regularity the preaching, but are rarely in the teaching indicates a laxity in Bible study too prevalent. These things have marked a separation and a condition which are, to say the least, unfortunate, with the result that a large number of young people who once were in the school are rarely attendants on preaching.

To combine these services would be desirable if possible, so as to hold both classes in both services. This has been done with success. The plan is indicated below; but it may be varied to meet local conditions. We indicate the method: The first half hour of the Sunday morning service, beginning say at 10.30, is given to an opening service by the pastor assisted by the superintendent and consisting of hymns, prayers, reading of scripture lessons, anthems, notices, etc., such as would naturally come into any such general devotional service. At eleven o'clock the classes are formed for one-half hour of solid Bible study on the Sunday-school lesson, everybody is invited to join in this service and take places in the classes. The usual class work is done. At 11.30 the congregation of adults and children reassembles, a hymn is sung, the text is announced and the sermon preached.

In this way several things are gained: (1) All persons are practically in both services, the teaching and preaching. (2) The teaching service is made an integral part of the whole. (3) The teaching is put at an hour when all the people can attend if they will. (4) The conviction is inwrought that all need the Bible study and that it is a vital adjunct of the preaching. (5) The services are shortened to an hour and a half or an hour and three-quarters and are not made too tedious for either the very young or the old.

This plan here used faithfully and tactfully has proved valuable. The reports show increased attendance, increased contributions, and more willingness on the part of young men especially to attend the services. For country churches and some town churches it will be found especially valuable.—E. A. Stone, in 'Standard,' Chicago.

Escorting as well as Inviting.

Half-doing is no better in the Sunday-school than anywhere else. Inviting is often only half-doing, if not followed by escorting. A young men's Bible class in New York is not the only one which has learned this. Its records show that the number of new members who have come to the class by themselves, simply on invitation, is a small percentage of the whole number invited. On the contrary, nearly all new members have been escorted, usually by the same persons who invited them. 'I will call for you on Sunday at such an hour,' carries with it a definite, urgent, and personal invitation not easily resisted. But even when there is no spirit of resistance, when there is a willingness to accept the invitation, much is gained by courtesy and fellowship if the inviter goes after the invited, and brings him in as a companion, and not merely as a stranger. This is true for all classes. When the primary teacher gets on the track of possible new members, and gives the cordial invitation, she must often wisely arrange so that she, or her assistants, or some of the young people, shall call for the new children, and for their mothers, perhaps, to escort them to the school. The reality and the earnestness of the invitation are made plain in this way, and the relations of teacher, scholar, and parent are made closer from the first. Without this escorting, many will not come at all.—'Sunday-School Times.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Miss Drusilla's Surrender.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'Ram's Horn.')

For some time there had been dissatisfaction in the Aid Society. A number of the recent members objected to the fine made payable by absence; others found fault with the time of meeting. A good many thought there were errors in the rules. Some of the new comers said they would join if things were different.

'I'll tell you what we'll do,' said lively little Mrs. Parmalee. 'Let us disband and reorganize all over again.'

Mrs. Parmalee was small and slight and pale, but she was brimful of life and energy.

'We'll abolish the fine, have the Society meet at a different hour, and we'll form a new code of rules. What do you say, ladies?'

Most of the members present were agreeable to the plan; all but Miss Drusilla Spencer and two or three of her followers.

At Mrs. Parmalee's suggestion, Miss Drusilla rose suddenly She drew her tall, gaunt figure to its fullest height. Miss Drusilla was a stern, grey-haired woman of fifty or thereabouts, with sharp eyes and a firm mouth. She gathered up her thimble and work basket. 'You can do just as you please,' she said grimly, 'but if you're going to disband the society I've worked faithfully in for over twenty years, why you do it without my sanction, and what's more, you can do it without me too, that's all there is to it. It's no more than right to pay a fine when you're not present. I never objected to it, and I'm poor, yes, poorer than any of you.'

There was a look of consternation on all faces, for Miss Drusilla was the best worker they had. But there was a spirit of stubbornness on both sides, and neither would give in. The result of it all was that a new society was organized and Miss Drusilla, true to her word, walked out with hurt feelings and uncharitable thoughts.

For all the modifying of fines and the forming of other rules, somehow the new society did not flourish. The strength seemed gone out of it with the departure of Miss Drusilla. It dwindled, oh how it dwindled, until only a pitiful handful attended.

Miss Drusilla watched and noted the proceedings with a grim smile. She used to sit by her front window Thursday afternoon in her stiffly starched calico dress, and watch the members go by to their place of meeting. 'There goes Mrs. Powers,' she would say to herself when that little butterfly of a woman fluttered by. 'I guess all the sewing she'll do this afternoon won't reduce the debt on the Minister's salary much. Well, let 'em go their way and I'll go mine. We'll see who'll surrender in the end.'

But in spite of all she saw and heard, Miss Drusilla was not happy. She missed the weekly gatherings, missed the cheerful chatter, and the click of thimbles and scissors, and above all, she missed the assurance that she was of use. Her life had always been lonely, and now it was lonelier still.

Miss Drusilla seemed to grow older and grimmer and greyer that year. She fell, too, into the habit of staying more at home. Once in a while she missed the morning service, and the weekly prayer-meetings. 'They don't need me,' she would tell herself bitterly. 'They were ready enough to set me aside for their new-fangled notions.' And even her treasured book of Psalms failed to comfort her. So she sat at home and brooded and grew more unhappy every day.

ONE MEMBER LIKE DRUSILLA WAS WORTH HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER KIND.

It was one October morning. The air was crisp and cool and a purple haze encircled the distant hills. Miss Drusilla was in the kitchen making preserves.

'Oh, Miss Drusilla, Miss Drusilla,' called a voice at the door.

Miss Drusilla set the pan of preserves back on the shining little stove and went to see who it was. It was Mrs. Briggs, one of the new members of the society.

Mrs. Briggs flushed a little as she met Miss Drusilla's keen eye.

'Miss Drusilla,' she began a little shyly, 'the—the Aid Society meets this afternoon and we want you to come. The fact is,' she went on in a braver voice, 'we have an unusual amount of work to do. Mrs. Stewart, perhaps you know it, is sick.'

'No.'

'Well, she is and she's sent word to the ladies to make her a comforter this afternoon. She needs it and we—we're short of hands. Hardly anyone comes now, you know. We've missed you, Miss Drusilla, more than you know of. Now will you come and help us this afternoon—as a great favor?'

Miss Drusilla stood silent for a moment, then she looked into her caller's anxious face. 'I said when I left the society I'd never go back,' she answered slowly. 'I worked for twenty years in the old one and never murmured or complained once. I've cooked many a church supper, baked many a cake, washed many a dish, pieced many a quilt, but no one seemed to like me any the better for it. They were ready enough to turn the faithful old members out for the sake of the new ones. "Let 'em go their way," said I, "and I'll go mine," and from that day to this, over a year ago, I've never set foot in a meeting. But Mrs. Stewart,—and the comforter's for her, you say? Well, if there ever was a sweet Christian woman in this world, she's one. She's been like a sister to me. I lived neighbor to her for five years. In all that time if she had anything a little extra nice, she'd always share with me. "I've brought you over some honey, Miss Drusilla," she used to say in that sweet way of hers, or some grape jelly, or maybe it would be a pan of rolls or a plate of cake. Whatever she happened to have, she never forgot me. If it's for her—' (there was a sharp struggle in Miss Drusilla's strong nature, then the good triumphed) 'I'll come,' she said simply. 'I said I never would, but I'd do more than that for Mattie Stewart.'

Mrs. Briggs fairly beamed. 'Thank you,' she said, 'we can finish the comforter without doubt now. Good-morning. I'll tell them to expect you.'

She flitted away smilingly and Miss Drusilla went indoors and sat down. 'I said I'd never go back,' she murmured to herself. 'but Mattie Stewart,—I couldn't refuse to do anything for her.'

She reached mechanically for her Bible. It happened to fall open at the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Miss Drusilla's eyes fell on this verse:

'All we, like sheep, have gone astray we have turned every one to his own way and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'

Miss Drusilla read the verse once—twice—thrice, then she laid the Bible reverently on the stand.

Promptly at the appointed hour Miss Drusilla walked into the Aid Society rooms. The president, Mrs. Parmalee, greeted her warmly. Somehow the very presence of this large, gray-haired, strong woman gave her a feeling of security and relief. She had missed the helpfulness of these industrious, capable hands more than she had thought possible. Indeed, the new society was not what she had thought it would be. One member like Miss Drusilla was worth half a dozen of the other kind. Miss Drusilla had been the backbone of the meetings after all. Ever faithful, untiring, punctual and zealous. Ah, there were not many her equal for all her peculiarities.

When the comforter was brought out, Miss Drusilla set to work. She did not talk much, but as she sat in her old place, her mind went back to that verse in Isaiah, 'We have turned everyone to his own way,' and as the pretty comforter grew

into a thing of beauty under her skilful touch, she thought again, 'No wonder we haven't prospered. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." May God forgive us.'

How good it was to be in her old place, useful and needed once more. How much better than to be sitting at home in bitterness and despondency. Ah, she had been the stiff-necked and stubborn one.

All that afternoon she kept steadily to her work. At five o'clock the last stitch was finished. Mrs. Parmalee lifted her face. Miss Drusilla noticed that she looked tired and pale. 'It's done,' she cried happily, 'but it wouldn't have been if you hadn't helped us. Oh, Miss Drusilla,' she added wistfully, 'won't you come back to us? I may have been wrong about reorganizing. I suppose I was. I—I wanted my own way, but indeed I did it for the best.'

There were tears in Mrs. Parmalee's brown eyes. Miss Drusilla saw them. She thought of the verse in Isaiah again. 'We have turned everyone to his own way.'

'The society's been too much for her,' she whispered in her heart of hearts, 'poor little creature, and I—I've been a miserable sinner.'

She took off her glasses and polished them carefully. There was mist on them, then (for Miss Drusilla was not the kissing kind) she reached over and took Mrs. Parmalee's frail hand in her strong, firm clasp. 'I'll come back and be glad to,' she said heartily, 'and I guess if you've missed me I have you, too. Another thing, if you wanted your way, why I wanted mine, too.'

Her voice broke.

'Let us have a little season of prayer before we go,' she said huskily, 'but first, will some one please read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?'

The Lockport Delegate.

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Christian Advocate.')

It was left to the committee, as usual. 'Three women were equal to tackling any heathen question,' Mr. Montagu Pope said. He was the chairman's husband, and, in a way, privileged to say things.

The missionary convention was at Providence, in mid-May. Thrifty little Lockport had always sent a delegate. It was a matter of pride to the Lockport Branch of Foreign Missions. The committee met at Mrs. Montagu Pope's one day toward the end of April to definitely decide things. Mrs. Leroy Atlee had her knitting work, and plump little Milicent Blair, who wrote 'O. M.' after her name when she called on her intimate friends, had—of course—her tatting shuttle.

'The meeting is now called to order!' she cried, gayly. 'Will the chairman please take a chair?'

'Dear me, willingly!' laughed the chairman, dropping down wearily. 'I feel as if it was the first chair I'd taken to-day. You're a fortunate mortal, Milicent Blair.'

'O. M.,' appended Milicent, promptly.

'Yes, of course; that's why you're fortunate! You don't have to dismiss your cook and then cook the dinner yourself.'

'This is not business, ladies,' suddenly interposed Mrs. Atlee, practically. 'We've got to choose a delegate for the foreign mission convention before it's time to put in the biscuit for tea. It takes saleratus biscuit twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.'

'The meeting will please come to order!' laughed the chairman, tapping her chair arm vigorously. 'Of course it's only a form—you need not worry about your saleratus biscuit, my dear! Somebody propose Elinor Littlejohn and get it over with.'

'I propose Elinor Littlejohn,' Mrs. Atlee responded promptly. 'Or Mrs. Teddy Choate.'

'Or Mrs. Teddy Choate. Well, Milicent?'

'Wait, I'm thinking. It takes all my energies. Don't anybody breathe!' Milicent said, calmly. The pleasant round face was unduly creased with lines of thought. Then it resumed its wonted smoothness.

'It's over!' she sighed in relief. 'Now, what was it you said? Oh, Elinor Littlejohn or Mrs. Teddy! Well then, I propose —Desire Card!'

'Desire Card!'

Both the other women uttered little gasps that blended into a chorus of astonishment.

'Her mind is wandering,' Mrs. Pope exclaimed, as if to herself, nodding her head in Milicent's direction.

'Not a bit of it! Desire Card is as bright as either of you two—as I, even I, am! I propose her name as our delegate to Providence. If nobody seconds me, I second myself!'

'Milicent, what are you driving at? I suppose you know Desire's as poor as a little gray church mouse, poor thing! I suppose you know she never had a silk dress in her life or travelled further than Lockport Centre.'

'Yes, I know; that's why,' calmly answered Milicent. 'I've had Desire on my mind all spring. We must send her to the convention, girls.'

When Milicent Blair, thirty-nine and turning gray, called them 'girls' she was in earnest. They always listened. Mrs. Atlee's knitting slid to the floor. That lady's voice, when she spoke, was crisp and antagonistic.

'It's out of the question, Milly. Of course it is—the idea! What sort of an impression do you think Desire Card would make at a missionary congress? After Elinor Littlejohn!'

'Or Mrs. Teddy Choate?' murmured Milicent.

'Yes, or Mrs. Teddy Choate. The contrast is sufficiently visible to be seen with the naked eye, I hope. We've usually sent Elinor because she gives us a kind of an air. But Mrs. Teddy's all right. And you know, Connie, she's just had the elegant black satin made up.'

'Yes, I know,' agreed Mrs. Pope; 'of course she'd wear that. And she can talk, too, if any occasion arose. We ought to take that into consideration. So can Elinor, for that matter.'

'So can Desire Card.'

Milicent sat up on the edge of her chair, defiant and stubborn.

'Indeed?'

'Indeed. She made a missionany address to me that I shall remember as long as there's a heathen extant. It was brief, oh, yes, but it went to the point. It was eloquent to me.'

'Did you take notes? We'd like to benefit by it, too,' murmured Mrs. Pope.

'She said, "If I could feel certain I'd 'suffered' one little child to come unto him, I'd be the happiest woman in Lockport. One little child—I'd ruther 'twould be a little child. Think of havin' a little soul in the Kingdom of Heaven that I'd showed the way to!" That was what she said. She'd just put the price of a pair of gloves into the contribution for foreign missions. Her hands were bare.'

There was a space of quiet in Mrs. Montagu Pope's luxurious room. Only the clock's steady click and, outside, children's high sweet voices interrupted it. Then the children's mother spoke:

'I don't see how you knew——' she began. Milicent finished:

'I know the price of gloves in Lockport, and I could see her hands,' she said, quietly. After another minute Mrs. Atlee spoke:

'Desire Card's a good woman. I suppose it would be a great treat to her.'

'Yes, I suppose that, all right,' rejoined the little hostess, nervously, 'but—but think of her black alpaca dress! Milicent, you must have forgotten that.'

'I didn't; I remembered it.'

'We've always sent such well-dressed delegates from our branch,' went on the dubious voice, unheeding. 'It's given us a good deal of—of prestige. Besides—' her face flushed a little, as if she were ashamed of what she meant to say, but she kept on stubbornly:

'Besides—well, I thought of going to Providence myself at convention time. I haven't seen my cousin Emily for a good while, and Montagu will have it that I need a change. I was going to ask Emily to entertain Elinor Littlejohn.'

'Or Mrs. Teddy Choate,' breathed Milicent, wickedly.

'She always does entertain a delegate or two,' continued Emily's cousin, crisply, ignoring the interruption. 'Emily has a beautiful home. Just the pictures and the draperies and the palms cost a Lockport fortune. Elinor Littlejohn's—'

'Or Mrs. Ted—'

'Elinor Littlejohn's aren't to be compared.'

Milicent Blair's bright face sobered suddenly and, by the same token, softened. She threw out her hands in a gesture of entreaty.

'Think of Desire Card's looking at those pictures and palms and curtains!' she cried. 'Think of her stepping on soft rugs and—and—sleeping in a brass bed!'

The climax of her eloquence made her laugh, but the tears were in her eyes. She had had a clear vision of the shabby little black alpaca figure in the midst of luxury for once.

'I propose Desire Card for our delegate,' she said, softly.

'So do I. Connie, we're two to one,' Mrs. Leroy Atlee broke out, earnestly.

'No such thing! We're unanimous,' the chairman retorted.

So it was that in mid-May Desire Card went to Providence. She could scarcely believe it even when she stood before the ticket man's grating, buying her ticket with the money of the Lockport Branch.

'Providence? Six-ten,' the man said, briefly. 'You said to Providence, didn't you?'

'Yes, to Providence. I'm goin' to the missionary convention there. They've elected me the delegate,' Desire Card said, proudly. It was like being elected to Congress, to her. Even yet it was hard to believe. She found a seat on the train and put her small grip on the seat beside her. Desire Card was forty-seven years old, but she had never 'travelled' before.

Mrs. Montagu Pope's plans were frustrated at the last moment. The little son who spelt his name with a 'junior' was taken sick. The visit to Cousin Emily had to be deferred. She wrote, explaining things, a day or two before the missionary convention.

'I'm dreadfully disappointed, Emily,' she said. 'You don't know how I've counted on another visit to your lovely home. If Montagu, junior, wasn't sick, I think I should put him in the closet. By the way, Emily, our delegate this time is a little woman

who's never had a good time in her life—I think that's why we sent her. It would be a beautiful Providence to her if she could run into one there—a good time, I mean.'

Beside the little junior's bed Mrs. Pope remembered what she had said in Emily's letter, and smiled a little doubtfully over it. She had meant to have a part in Desire Card's 'Providence' herself. If she had gone, too, maybe Emily—

'Emily used to take hints,' she said aloud.

The train bore Desire onward steadily. The long day's ride was only a short one to her. Toward the end of it she began to worry a little.

'I shall feel scared in a great city, I know I shall. It's too bad Mrs. Pope couldn't have come. She said there'd be somebody there to meet the delegates and tell 'em their boardin' place. It there wasn't she told me a place to go to and inquire—I've got the address in my pocketbook. But I'd a good deal ruther there'd be somebody there.'

There was somebody there.

'Is this the delegate from Lockport?' a girlish voice sounded in her ear, above the clatter and confusion of the great station. Desire turned to the fresh young face with a gasp of relief.

'Yes, it's me. I'm the one the ladies elected delegate,' she cried, eagerly.

'Well, I'm Molly—Molly Bruce, you know. I came down to meet you. You're our delegate. Cousin Connie introduced you to mother. Don't you think I'm a perfect genius to pick you out among them all? And I only asked one other person before you. She wasn't anybody's delegate! Let me take your bag for you—there, here we are! Persimmons, this is the Lockport delegate. Let me make you acquainted with Persimmons, Miss——'

'There isn't any "Miss." I'm just Desire Card.'

'Well, this is just Persimmons! He's the mildest pony you ever saw, and I'm the family Jehu—you won't be afraid? When Persimmons Bruce runs away it will be a white blackbird that frightened him! Now we're ready, Persimmons.'

The little dappled, fat-bodied fellow waddled off demurely. There was nothing terrifying about him, and Desire sank back safely in the snug little trap. She stole timid glances now and then at the girl beside her.

Molly Bruce handled the ribbons expertly, with her slender gauntleted hands. Though her voice ran on briskly, without interruption, her keen eyes took in every detail of the busy street. Persimmons, obedient to her gentle hints, threaded his way calmly through every obstacle.

'Mother was for sending Jerry and the surrey, but I offered Persimmons and me—we're a good deal more sociable than Jerry! Wasn't it a shame Cousin Connie couldn't come?'

'Yes, only I guess I don't know who Cousin Connie is!' laughed Desire, shyly.

'Why, to be sure! She's mother's cousin—Mrs. Montagu Pope, you know. She was coming on for a visit, but one of the babies was sick.'

A pleasant welcome awaited Desire Card at the beautiful home of Cousin Emily. For a week the plain little woman from Lockport lived among pleasant things. She went about in a beautiful dream, treading softly on luxurious carpets, gizing in gentle reverence at wonderful pictures, touching with work-hardened little fingers the great fronds of strange palms. One day was born of another, till they numbered a week of days. Then Mrs. Montagu Pope got a letter:

Dear Cousin Connie: Mother wants me to tell you that we are going to keep your delegate another week. Persimmons and I want to get a chance to show her Providence a little bit. She and mother haven't done anything so far but attend missionary conventions and look after the heathen. Now it's Persimmons's turn and mine.

She's a dear little delegate, Cousin Connie. You can't Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday with her, without wishing you were better than you are. It isn't her face or her figure or her conversation—no, it must be her soul. That's what mother says. She says, 'Tell Cousin Connie she is an honor to the Lockport Branch.'

'Well?'

Milicent Blair said it, looking at the other two women triumphantly. Mrs. Leroy Atlee laughed.

'Say it, Milicent, say it! You won't be happy till you do,' she cried.

'Say what?'

'"I told you so!" You might as well say it as look it.'

'I'm glad we sent her,' Milicent answered, soberly. 'I proposed it because I thought it would do her good.'

'And it was the other way about. She did them good,' finished Cousin Connie, softly.

'No, it worked both ways. "All things worketh together." I'm glad we sent her!'

I Wouldn't be Cross.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Little Knights and Ladies.')

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile;
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly whatever may come.
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!
So, since the fine gold exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe
This kindness to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint stones, and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent—I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace: by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Wreck of the 'Stella.'

(By the Editor of 'Onward.')

The wreck of the 'Stella' on the Casket Rocks, Good Friday, 1899.

On these rocks, in 1120, was wrecked the 'White Ship,' with Prince William, son of King Henry I., when over 140 young nobles of England and Normandy were drowned.

The Editor of the paper does not profess to be a poet, but the account of the wreck of the 'Stella,' on March 30, especially the sub-head, 'The English Way,' profoundly stirred his sympathies, as we are sure it did those of its readers. The heroism manifested compelled the writing of the following lines, which, indeed, almost wrote themselves. With the exception of two verses added later, they were all completed within a few minutes of reading the item, before breakfast.

Bravely the brave men met the shock,
'Mid blinding fog and sea's wild sway,
'Mid crash of ship and rend of rock,
In the old English way.

'The women and the children save,'
The captain cried, with Death at bay.
They launched the boats, 'mid seas that drave,
In cool, calm English way.

At honor's cost to buy his life,
There thought not any man that day;
The weak they saved 'mid wave's wild strife—
It was the English way.

'Pull for your lives!' Rooks from the bridge
Cried to the seamen drenched with spray,
Yet staunch he stood as rocky ridge—
In the brave English way.

The seadogs of the seagirt isle,
'Ay, ay, sir,' answer and obey,
And Death's drear summons meet with smile—
It is their English way.

'Nay, take my chance,' the landsman said,
And bravely gave his life that day
To save a woman newly wed—
It was the English way.

The captain with his ship went down,
Him might not Death itself dismay,
Forever live his fair renown—
The grand old English way.

While weary rowers toil for life,
All night they calmly sing and pray—
The brave-souled English maid and wife—
In brave-souled English way.

The 'Stella' in the sea went down,
But shineth still a brighter ray,
A star of gleaming-far renown—
This grand old English way.

Since 'White Ship' on the Caskets crashed,
Through centuries of sea sway,
Her seadogs, by the tempest lashed,
Keep up old England's way.

Oh, fair befall the sea-girt rock
Of Britain till Time's latest day!
Nor lull of peace nor battle's shock
E'er mar 'the English way!'

O brothers of the Western land,
Ye also Heaven's high call obey—
As duties East and West expand—
In the old Saxon way.

In freedom's van together lead
The world to freedom's perfect day,
With highest thought and noblest deed—
The Anglo-Saxon way.

And His eternal benison,
Whom stormy winds and seas obey,
Shall smile on duty bravely done,
In brave old English way.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Some Wild Animals I Have Met.

(W. C. Griggs, M.D., Bhamo, Burma, in 'Baptist Missionary Magazine.')

THE FIRST ONE.

The first meeting might, I think, with propriety be called a surprise party to both of us. I had been travelling in the jungle for some weeks. The natives are such strict Buddhists that in many places they would not even sell us a chicken, as they feared that part of the sin of killing it might in that case attach to them, so that we often found it very difficult to get any fresh meat of any kind. Sometimes for days together the Commissariat Department was in a very bad way and the ration of plain boiled rice and Chicago canned beef became monotonous in the extreme. The country was almost entirely bare of game, and even if it had been the best game preserve in the world I am such a poor shot that I am afraid it would not have made much difference to the larder.

At last, one afternoon I saw some fine green pigeons in the distance which gave promise of a savory addition to our meal—if I could get them. Strange to say, I brought one down, however. It fell behind some trees and towards them I made my way, already smelling savory stew or a good curry. Alas, there's many a slip not only between the cup and the lip, but between the shot and the stew, for I was fated never to get that pigeon.

Directly across my path, though I was not aware of the fact, was a nullah or dry bed of a stream. These nullahs often have overhanging banks and are so covered up with trees growing right along their edges that it is impossible to see them till one is right on top, sometimes right in them, and is performing an involuntary toboggan slide down precipitous banks with the accompaniment of clouds of dust, clods of earth, small stones and a few shrubs which the traveller has brought along with him in his descent.

This nullah proved no different from others of its kind, and as I was pressing forward with my eyes fixed upon the tree, behind which I hoped to find a plump bird or two, my feet suddenly gave way beneath me and I found myself sliding down a nullah in a cloud of dust, while a small tree, roots and all, was assisting in the procession by gracefully bringing up the rear.

It does not take long to reach the bottom of a fifteen foot nullah, and before I had time to say the proverbial 'Jack Robinson,' I found that I had alighted within six feet of a big tiger who, with his chin between his paws, was enjoying forty winks at the bottom of the nullah into which I had intruded without so much as asking permission or saying, 'By your leave.' That is, he was, when I started towards him from the top of the bank.

A novelist of the realistic school perhaps might attempt to analyze the thoughts which 'chased each other through his mind,' as he opened his eyes and saw the miniature avalanche which was bearing straight upon him, and changed the expression of his face from happy unconsciousness to fright. For that tiger was scared and scared badly. Whether it was the dust, or the small tree that was following hard behind me I cannot say, but if ever a tiger was frightened half out of his wits that tiger was the animal, and if truth must be told, if ever a man was in a similar condition, I was that man.

We did not stop to exchange views on the subject, however, for the next instant there was another, but smaller cloud of dust and dead leaves, which I take it for granted was raised by the tiger as he bolted straight along the bottom of the nullah. As for myself I do not believe the champion in a crack detachment of soldiers at a wall scaling exhibit, ever went up the side of an imitation fort any quicker than I climbed up the side of the bank I had come down but a moment before.

A MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

Before we started for Burma Dr. Luther said to us, 'Now be sure you get a bedstead with high posts and frames so that you can fasten curtains to it and keep the mosquitoes out.' Good advice as we afterwards found, but the doctor advised better than he knew, for those frames kept out something larger than mosquitoes.

We had been at Mongnai on the Shan Hills but a short time; so short indeed that we had not yet been able to build a house, and were living in a native building near a monastery. It was made almost entirely of bamboo. Bamboo posts supported bamboo joists, upon which were laid split bamboo floors; bamboo mats composed the walls and bamboo rafters kept up a grass roof. Between the top of the walls and the ridgepole of the roof, at either end of the building, was an opening to let in good, fresh air—something besides air, too.

Our bed with the tall posts and the mosquito net was directly beneath one of these holes, and one night I dreamed that we were in a boat and had shipped a sea which had thrown us on our beam ends and threatened to send us to the bottom. I awoke to find the bed had given a great heave, the two feet upon one side had gone clear through the bamboo floor, and Mrs. Griggs and myself were all mixed up beside it, and as I became more thoroughly awake I realized that something was tearing around the room and smashing things generally.

I seized a gun and jumped to my feet in time to see a fine large leopard spring through the open window at the other end of the room. He had entered above our bed at the opening under the roof and as it was a nice, bright moonlight night outside and the mat walls very thin, he could see the broad white muslin top of the mosquito netting beneath. I suppose it looked inviting, for he jumped at it. Luckily for us, he miscalculated the distance and instead of landing square upon us and spoiling our curtain at the same time, he struck the top bar of the frame and did no more damage than get a spill and a fright and give us both, too.

SMALL, BUT DANGEROUS.

At least one part of the book of Genesis is capable of being taken literally, for there is no doubt but what there is 'enmity' between man and snakes.

I had seen cobras in Lower Burma and killed them, too, but it was not till we went to Upper Burma that I met a snake which seems to embody all the bad traits of the species rolled into a very small compass. This snake is small, often not more than a span in length and has the stumpy tail and flat head that stamps it as venomous. Literally it is a 'snake in the grass,' for it loves to take up its position in short grass, oftentimes by the side of the jungle roads, and as it is bright green in color, it is sometimes almost impossible to distinguish it. The coolie, barefooted and bare legged, plants his foot upon a tuft of grass; there is a cry, and unless assistance be rendered and that promptly, there is a funeral the next day.

I remember grabbing one of our schoolboys by the shoulder and twisting him aside, just as he was about to put his bare foot upon one, and when he saw what was wriggling its way across the road he was so frightened he almost turned the same color as the snake.

The coolies once placed my bed upon the floor of a resting place, and tired out with the journey, I threw myself upon it. One of the men cried out, and as I rolled over on my side to see what the matter was I found that my bed had been placed right upon one of these little snakes and that he had wriggled himself free and was just raising his head to strike. Do you remember as a child touching the pin of a jack-in-the-box? Well, I felt, and I believe acted just like that jack, one with a good strong spring too.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.

I must finish, however, with the account of a wild animal I did not meet. I had been home but a short time and with my little girl, Edith, was walking across the open lots. I was pondering deeply upon something when instinctively I grabbed my little one up in my arms and looked around for a stick.

My little girl looked too, then grabbed me tight around the neck and cried, 'Snake, papa, snake!'

For that one moment I was back in Burma; the next I was in America again, and let Edith slip to the ground while I looked around this time to see whether any one else was near. At the same time I kicked a big piece of twisted electric light wire out of my path and explained to my little girl that there were no snakes in America, at least, not in West Philadelphia.

Mr. Clark's Experiment.

('Morning Star.')

The Rev. Abel Clark was in his study. It was ten o'clock on Sunday evening. A look of care and anxiety overshadowed his countenance.

'Yes,' he was saying to his wife, who had been detained from church this evening; 'yes, the meeting was a failure. In the first place I talked for twenty minutes on the subject of consecration. After I got through, Deacon Jones got up and talked about the sins of David. Then Sister Smith arose and talked of Paul's conversion. Then Bro. Johnson said a few things about the decline of religious ideas. Dr. Hall got on his hobby of evolution. While there were at least twenty took part, not one spoke of consecration. The meeting was a failure and I do not know the remedy.'

'How would it do to announce the subject beforehand?' asked Mrs. Clark.

'Oh, I believe in being led by the Spirit,' and so if I should announce the subject beforehand it might not be as suitable for the meeting.'

'Do you believe that God has the power of foreknowledge?'

'Of course I do.'

'Do you believe there is any limit to God's power of leading any one to select a subject?'

'Why, certainly not,' was the surprised answer of the minister.

'Well, then, if God has foreknowledge,

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.

'The End Thereof is Death.'

A True Story.

('Alliance News.')

Far away in bonnie Scotland, nestling among the Grampian Hills, is the little village of L——, where the subject of this narrative first saw the light. Hugh McGorman was born of honest, God-fearing parents, whose hearts swelled with joy and pride as they saw their only son grow up a sturdy, healthy lad, blest with a larger portion of brains than the one or the other of them had ever possessed. They determined that, though they might be an ordinary common-place couple, their only son should be something extraordinary, that is, if they had anything to say in the matter. So, from the first birthday of the little lad, a certain sum of money was laid aside every year to accumulate, both principal and interest, until he was old enough to be sent to an English University to prepare for whatever career he should set his heart upon following. He was to make a name for himself, but whatever lay in their power to assist him was to be done.

As I said before, Mr. and Mrs. McGorman were an honest and God-fearing couple, fairly well-to-do in this world's goods, and their son was duly taught to observe the Sabbath, to attend church, to read his Bible, and to obey its precepts and observances, and carry them out in his daily life. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to the village school, where he soon overtopped all the other boys, and was taught all that the dominie could teach him. Then he began to attend the Grammar School in the neighboring town, where all his mental powers were soon brought into fullest play by the keen and incessant competition of the other lads. However, Hugh's powers were of the highest order; examination after examination was gone in for and passed with flying colors. His mind, having been well grounded from the beginning, was stored with a rich treasury of knowledge; many friends were acquired by him, and taken backwards and forwards to his quiet village home, where his father and mother always made both him and them right welcome. The proverbial Scotch hospitality was never lacking in this home, and always at this board were the lads pressed, as a matter of course, to take their regular glass of ale or wine. A little matter, perhaps, some may think, but the result of which none could foresee!

Years passed on. Hugh's sixteenth birthday came and went, and soon the accumulated money was drawn upon to send him to Cambridge. He now decided that he would study for a doctor, for which career, there was no doubt whatever, he was eminently fitted, and straightway he plunged into all the work necessary to fit him for such a course. As a medical student he was an immense favorite with all. Handsome, genial, hearty, he made friends with everyone. At all houses where he visited the ready glass of wine or spirits was always offered still, and, as a matter of course, accepted. None but his most intimate chums knew that, after a few years had passed, Hugh McGorman was occasionally taken home to his rooms at night in such a befuddled state through drink that he could not have found his way there alone. None but these bosom friends knew the reason that his oak was sported the morning following these relapses, on pretext of illness, headache, or something similar.

Hugh had always, from his very childhood been accustomed to see wine or spirits on the table, and to partake of it—(thank God that this custom is becoming slowly but surely a thing of the past)—and so, quite imperceptibly, the subtle habit took possession of him with greater and more resistless force, until at length it became quite a foregone conclusion amongst his student friends that if Hugh was invited to spend an evening out, he would invariably succumb to the influence of drink before the evening was half over, and require assistance to reach home safely.

* * * *

'My dear fellow, why on earth can't you make up your mind to refuse to accept any more, when you feel you have had enough?'

'It's impossible, quite impossible! I do not believe I really know when that point is reached.'

'Why, McGorman, you must feel your senses getting muddled, and your wits deserting you, at a certain point. A bright, clever fellow like you! It's not as if you were a half-educated man, or half-witted, or anything like that.'

'No, it's worse, far worse! The desire for more gets stronger hold upon me the more I take, and if I gave it up entirely I believe it would be the death of me.'

'Old friend, you terrify and shock me! If the craving has already come to such a pitch as that, then, the only safe thing for you to do is to sign the pledge at once, and become a total abstainer. I have been a moderate drinker all my life, but I am ready this moment to sign the pledge if you will do the same! Dear old boy, do be persuaded; moderate drinking will never suit you! With your fiery nature, and eager temperament, half measures will never do for you. It must be all or nothing!'

'Oh, nonsense! there's no harm done as yet! I can't do a thing like that all of a hurry. I must think over it, and sleep upon it. My time at the hospital is nearly up, and when I blossom out into a full-blown medical practitioner, and get away from all the other fellows, and from the thousand and one temptations of town life, I shall be sure to be better, and feel the influence of the cursed thing less and less. You know my father has bought me a practice in Glasgow, and I am very shortly to be married.'

'I only hope it may be so! but my experience is the other way about. Strike now, while the iron is hot! If you wait until you are setting up a practice of your own, you may have even less inclination then to get rid of this habit than you have now.'

'Oh, bosh! old man! let's change the conversation now. I won't do it at present, so that's flat,' and putting his hands in his pockets, his hat at the back of his head, and whistling a gay waltz tune, Hugh McGorman sauntered out of the room.

The young man who was left alone there looked after his friend with a grieved and sorrowful expression ,and whispered to himself in a low voice: 'I'm awfully mistaken if it's not the ruin of him, body and soul. He is far more under its influence than he dreams of, but there, it's no earthly use saying any more at present. I shall not leave off, however, as long as he is here, trying to get him to sign the pledge, for I am convinced 'tis his only salvation. With such a career before him, too! and such bright prospects! Oh, the pity of it, that he should be ruined, and dragged down to hell by drink!'

The foregoing conversation took place one bright morning in June, between two medical students; both bright, good-looking young fellows, evidently Scotch, from their accent, and evidently very close friends, as might be gathered from the nature and tone of their dialogue. A few of Hugh's chosen associates had deputed McAllister to speak to him upon this subject, and to try if something could not be done to save him. McAllister himself had originated the idea of signing the pledge, and I don't suppose one of the whole company of students was a total abstainer. When he returned to his friends, and told them the rebuff he had received, they were sorry, naturally, but being happy-go-lucky, easy-going fellows, they thought little more about it, and indeed were horrified at McAllister's proposition of signing the pledge.

'Indeed, I should hope he would not sign the pledge, nor you either. Why, he is the very life and soul of our convivial evenings; we could not do without him. Anyhow, we have done our best, so let us say no more about it. He will be leaving town in a month or two, to set up for himself, so we must hope for better things;' and thus the subject was dismissed.

* * * *

After a honeymoon spent in Switzerland, and a visit of a fortnight's duration to his father and mother, Dr. McGorman and his wife had settled down in their new home in Glasgow. Amidst the excitement of his final examinations at the hospital, the farewells to his fellow-students, closely followed by his marriage, and the time spent in Switzerland, the demon who ever tracked his footsteps had not been felt nor succumbed to so much as usual, but already a shade might be noticed upon the bright, open countenance of the young bride. Already it might be noticed at the few dinner parties to which they were invited among their small but fast increasing circle of friends, that the young wife's eyes rested with an anxious expression upon her husband when the ladies left the room, and the gentlemen were left over their wine. The iron had already entered her soul, for such a besetting sin cannot long be concealed from the wife of his bosom by any man.

Patients were to be had in ever-increasing numbers by the new doctor, whose reputation for cleverness and skill had preceded him, and it was well-known that for surgical cases that required a clear head and a steady hand he had carried off the palm at the hospital, and in consequence his practice here was soon all that he could wish, and as much as he could attend to. Then whispers began to circulate: 'Had So-and-so noticed how very queer Dr. McGorman looked last night when he was fetched to set Brown's leg?' or 'Had Mrs. Jones noticed how strong Dr. McGorman's breath smelt of alcohol when he was leaning over the bed the other morning?' and so gradually the suspicion grew into conviction, and the conviction into certainty, until people began to go elsewhere when any accident or other occurred in the evening. 'For fear, you know, that Dr. McGorman might not be in a fit state to know what was best to be done.' And from avoiding calling him in the evening, they began to avoid him altogether; his patients, his friends, and finally his acquaintances dropped off one by one, until he felt 'that discretion was the better part of valor,' and that he had better seek some other sphere of labor before he was left without a single patient at all.

Alas for his poor young wife! In a poor London lodging she brought forth her first-born child—a little daughter—and then and there gave up her own bright, but disappointed young life. In bitter tears of agony

and remorse her young husband hung over her as her life was ebbing fast away, the life that might have been preserved for many years to come, if it had been shielded and preserved from the bitter blow that had laid 'the axe at the root of the tree' months before.

'Oh, my darling, can you, will you forgive me? Oh, how have I failed in my duty to you! Do not leave me, oh, do not leave me! How can I fight against that mocking fiend alone?'

She opened her dying eyes, and fixing them upon her husband, with a look of ineffaceable love and longing, she said, 'One above alone can help you! Oh, look to him for deliverance! Begin a new life for the sake of our little darling, and in divine strength turn your back forever upon your besetting sin. Oh, Hugh! promise faithfully that you will live a new life in the future, that you will be kind to our little Janet, and that you will meet me in that land above.'

Choked by sobs he gave the promise asked, and then as the sun sank slowly down to rest, and the night shadows crept on apace, so also that precious life, which he would have given worlds to retain in his possession, slowly went out forever.

He found a foster-mother for his child, and by dint of hard seeking, and recommendations from former friends in London, he succeeded in getting a practice in a remote and isolated part of the country, where he took a house, and lived with a working housekeeper to attend to his wants.

For three years he kept the promise he had made to his dying wife. The struggles he went through during the first part of that time no one but his God will ever know. At the end of the third year he ventured to fetch his little daughter, and for a time all went well.

But one unlucky day one of his London friends, who had been so kind to him, went to see him, and to his eternal shame be it said, offered this man, to whom liquor in any shape or form was as the very flames of hell, a glass of wine, 'for old time, you know; "Should auld acquaintance,"' etc. The result was what might have been expected. He fell again, and began the same fearful struggle. Again his patients all left him; his practice gone, he was obliged to go too. Wretched and degraded he went to London, where it is so easy to get lost and disappear for ever; and not very long ago I saw in one of the London dailies an account of the suicide, in a miserable, squalid garret, by a half-starved wretch, who turned out to be the once brilliant, clever, witty and affable man who has been the subject of this sketch.

The Peace of God.

(By Jane Fox Crewdson.)

Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright 'for-ever,'
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while!'

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong.
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad 'forever,'
Will light the shadows of the 'little while.'

A Mother's Lament for Her Daughter.

On the death of Ruby Edmonson, aged 18, died Jan. 7, 1902, Parkdale, Toronto.

Our darling has gone to her heavenly home
And escaped from the sea of sorrow,
On which we still sail in this sad mortal vale
But we'll meet in the glad to-morrow.

She had come to be more than daughter to me,
A companion, a help, and a friend;
We miss her, the dear, with her counsel and cheer,
All the household in sorrow doth bend.

Though broken the tie, 'tis fastened on high,
Where God in his infinite love,
Now bids us look up and rejoice in the hope
Of a glorious reunion above.

Yes, Lord, we reply, to His voice from on high,
And haste on our journey along;
Though rough is the way yet short is our stay,
Lord, help us to cheer it with song.

Let us sing of Thy love and the home up above,
Which Jesus has gone to prepare,
A place for His own and He shortly will come
And transplant us His glory to share.

Let us, too, prepare, be this our first care,
To know that our sins are forgiven,
Through the blood that He shed when He died in our stead,
And thus opened the kingdom of heaven.

DEBORAH.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Egmondville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about one mile from Egmondville. I go to Sunday school pretty nearly every Sunday, and I like my teacher very much. I like your paper very much. We keep six horses and a number of cattle. I am in the fourth book at school. I am nine years old. I helped to make a scrap book for the sailors.

NETTIE C.

Fingal, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My Aunt Jane has sent me the 'Messenger' for three years. I am ten years old on April 6. I go to school every day and I have not missed a day since last summer holidays until I had the measles, and I had to stay out two weeks. I have got for pets a little cousin Irene, and two pet cats, Duff and Fun.

FLOSSIE E. B.

White Rock, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' a year, and think it is a nice paper. I would not care to do without it now. I go to Sunday school and day school. My favorite studies at school are geography, grammar, history, health-reader, practical spelling, reading, writing, drawing and arithmetic. I have two brothers and no sisters. My brothers' names are Lennie and Clinton. I had a very happy day on Christmas, Santa Claus brought me a nice fur collar and a stationery box and two books and a yard of blue ribbon.

VERA E. F. (aged 10)

Pennville, Ont

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I got the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present, and I like it so much that I would like some of my little friends to have it too. I thought I would try to write you a letter and send some names. I live on a farm and have two sisters and two brothers. My sisters and I go to school in summer, but the snow is so deep we cannot go now, so on fine days we have good fun sleigh-riding and when it is stormy we play hide and seek in the barn. I hope you will send the 'Messenger' to these little girls and boys.

LAURA B.

Herdman, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Episcopal church and Sunday school; at Christmas we had an entertainment for the Sunday school, at which we made over twenty-six dollars. We are getting a library of one hundred and fifty volumes. My sister is organist for both church and Sunday school, and my brother is secretary-treasurer for the Sunday school. Our minister's name is Mr. Fyles, we like him very much. There is a large number of young people round here, and we all have good times together. We have a debating club, which is very interesting. My sister and two brothers belong.

K. B. L (aged 12).

Stronach Mt., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and live on a farm four miles from the seashore. My great grandfather came here over a hundred years ago, and at first he lived in a log cabin, then he built this house, which is the oldest house on the mountain. I like living on a farm, and I like it best in haying time. I would like to be a dressmaker and milliner when I grow up. I make lots of dolls' clothes and hats now, and I enjoy it very much. We used to take the 'Messenger,' and we have received a few copies lately and are going to take it again. I like it very much and I think the children's page is fine.

MARGARET B.

Hall Stream, Que.

Dear Editor,—My sister Alice has taken the 'Messenger' for the past three years, and we are just renewing again. We all think it is such a good paper. My birthday is on April 5, same as Wesley W. I. I have a little sister, Jennie, three years old. I saw a letter from William Geo. M., Westville, N.S., saying that his aunt took him to Little Harbor; that is where my mamma lived when she was a little girl, and she has often told us about how pretty it was there.

GRACE LILIAN C. (aged 10).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for four or five years and think it very interesting. I always hurry home on Friday to get the 'Messenger' before my sister. I am just learning to skate and like it better than playing in the snow. We go sleigh-riding on a large hill near the river. You can start with your sleigh on one hill, go bumping down to the next and away across the river. I like reading and got several books for Christmas, and two of them happen to be Robinson Crusoe. I am in the second reader and like studying geography and the different cities.

OLIVE S.

Kells P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My cousin that was in South Africa came up to see us for a few days. He had the honor of seeing our beloved Queen Victoria, and hearing her speak. They were nine days in London, and were taken to all the places of amusement. He was delighted with the hospitality they received while there. My favorite studies in school are drawing, composition,

reading and geography. There has not been any church since last July. Our minister got very bady hurt, but we all hope he will be able to be with us this coming year. I received the Bible and thank you very much as I think it is very nice, the printing and maps are so clear and distinct.

LUCY P. (aged 12).

Silverdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly two years. We live on a farm of one hundred acres. We have four cows, two horses, two colts, some pigs and thirty hens. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to school nearly every day, and to Sunday school nearly every Sunday.

ROY B.

Swan River, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from this part of Manitoba. We get the 'Messenger' from Sunday school. We get lots of game up here, moose and big deer. There are lots of prairie chickens and partridges. Indians come to town with dog trains. They come from Swan Lake and Shoal Lake. We have a nice country up here. There are lots of berries up here in the summer. We will be up here two years in July. The town is growing very fast. There are four grocers and two bakers. I go to school and I am in the third class. I like my teacher very much. We have a toboggan slide at the school. The boy play football.

ANNIE S. (aged 10).

Missouri.

Dear Editor,—Although I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, this is my first letter. I am a country girl, and I like the country far better than the city. It is very cold weather here now and has been a long time. I long for spring to come, when the flowers bloom, trees blossom, and birds sing. My favorite season is autumn, when the leaves fall from the trees, everything seems so quiet then. Our school is half a mile away, and the church two miles from home. I like the city school best. How many of you know how to skate? I have never tried, but I think I would like to. The stories and letters of this paper have helped me so much, on page (10) ten the paragraph 'Suggestions' have helped me.

W. B. A.

Snider Mount, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would try and write to the 'Messenger,' and send some names of girls and boys that would like to get the copies of the 'Messenger.' My sister Ada has taken it for three years, and we all like it. I go to school nearly every day. I study geography, history, grammar and arithmetic. We have not had any Sunday school since the last Sunday in September. I will be glad when spring comes, when it will be started again, for I always like to go. There are two churches, Free Baptist and Methodist. I have four brothers and two sisters. My eldest brother and sister are away.

GERTRUDE H.

Ruskview, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger' from little boys and girls, I thought I would write one, too. I have taken your paper for a number of years. I live on a farm, and in the winter I have good fun sleigh-riding, as there are plenty of hills. I passed the entrance examination last summer, and intend trying the public school leaving, either next year or the year after. As it was too stormy to go to school to-day, my chum (who lives across the road) came over, and we are writing together. It will be a surprise to our people if they see our letters in print. I go to the Methodist church at Terra Nova. Our pastor is the Rev. Mr. Coburn. We have Sunday school in the summer, but not in the winter.

HATTIE R. (aged 13).

Ruskview, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen many letters from Ruskview I thought I would write one. I have not taken the 'Messenger' a year yet, but I enjoy reading it very much. The place in which I live is very hilly, and that makes it good for sleigh-riding, in the winter. My chum (Hattie R.), and I sleigh ride together. In the spring we gather flowers, in the summer pick berries, and in the fall pick beech nuts together in the neighboring woods. I go to school, and I like my teacher well. I am in the fourth book and perhaps I will try the entrance next year. At school I study physiology, grammar, history and geography. I like history best of all. I wonder if any little boy or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, April 12.

LUCY R. (aged 13).

Dalhousie West, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger' is a very nice paper, my sister Meda takes it, and has for some time. I have three sisters and two brothers. My youngest sister is not quite two years old, she can say almost anything. Her name is Ruth. I go to school regularly and I am in the ninth grade. I like my teacher very much. I have to walk nearly a mile and a half to school. It is a cold road this time of year, but I don't mind it much. It is a pretty place out here in summer. We have had lots of fun coasting and sliding this winter. Right near our school-house there is a brook which has been frozen over lately, and the children have great fun running and sliding on it. In summer it is good fun paddling and bathing in it. My father is a lumberman and farmer too. We have several head of cattle and my sister Grace has three pets, a calf and two yearlings. I am sending you the names and addresses of twelve friends.

MAY J. (aged 14).

Burwell Road, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messengor' for three years and like it very much. After we have read it I give it to a friend who does not take it. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' of Feb. 14 from Florence C., Lanark, Ont., saying her birthday was on April 10, and she was twelve years old. My birthday is on the same date and I am also twelve. I live in the country about two miles from school. I think my favorite study is grammar, but I am fond of all my studies. I am very fond of reading. I have read nearly all the 'Elsie Books,' 'Little Women and Good Wives,' 'Melbourne House,' 'Queechy,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'What Katy did,' several of the 'Pansy' Books, and lots of others I cannot think of now. At school we play 'Jacks,' 'Fruit-basket,' 'Post Office,' 'Clap-in,' Puss in the Corner,' and other games, and when it is not too cold we sometimes 'snow-ball.' In warm weather we play all sorts of outdoor games and eat our lunch under the trees. There is so much snow now that we cannot walk to school, so we have a sleigh-ride every morning, and home again at night. I hope you will send the 'Messenger' to each of the names I enclose.

FLORENCE M. P.

Campbellton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and think it is very interesting. There are so many nice stories in it, that I do not know which to read first. I am nine years old. I am in the sixth grade. I like my teacher very much. She is also president of the Mission Band, of which I am a member. We have a dog named Sport. He and my two little sisters, Isabel and Ina, are my only pets. My sister Ino's real name is Alexandrina Victoria; she was called after Queen Victoria. The last letter I wrote was from Eel River, Restigouche county, but we have moved to Campbellton since then. Campbellton is a very nice place in summer time, the Restigouche river flows through here. At the next meeting of the Mission Band we are going to have a birthday party, every member has to bring as many cents as they are years old, and then the president, vice-president and secretary, are going to have a little treat for us. In the summer I intend to visit Belle Isle Creek, where my grandma lives, and expect to have a good time, as they live on a farm.

ADELLA L. C.

Pembroke Shore, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister Susie takes the 'Messenger,' and I always look to see if there are any letters from Nova Scotia first. I have one sister and four brothers. My great ancestor came across the ocean in the 'Mayflower' in 1620, and landed (in Cape Cod Bay) on Plymouth Rock. I have an aunt, who lives in the United States, and she said that down in Plymouth there was a building with a picture painted on it. The picture shows the Mayflower and Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock in 1620. It also shows where the Indians are running over the hills, because they thought the Pilgrims were coming to take their country away from them. My favorite studies are, geography, reading and spelling. The farthest I have travelled is six miles, and my sister has travelled 18 miles. In last week's issue I liked the stories entitled, 'Ellen's Decision,' 'A Surprise,' 'The Fund,' and 'The Lost Bag of Silver.'

I have read quite a number of books. Among them are: 'Agnes Selby,' 'Winter's Folly,' 'A Good Little Girl,' 'Little Gennette,' 'Dame Buckle,' 'The Snow Storm, 'Sabbath Evenings at Home,' and 'Blind John Netherway.'

We have had nice skating this winter. We have not had very much snow until lately, so we could not have good sliding. My birthday is on April 17, I will be twelve years old then. I would like very much for Esther H. B., of Halifax, to write to me, and I will answer her. There are sixty-one pupils in our school. Every Friday we are either going to have a spelling match or entertain the school by recitations. Will Esther kindly write first?

EMMA E. D.

Address: Emma Durkee,
Pembroke Shore,
Yarmouth Co., N.S.

P.S.—Here are some names who would like to have a sample copy of the 'Messenger' for five weeks.

Lantz P.O., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I saw your kind offer in the 'Northern Messenger,' and thought I would accept it. I live in a country place in Nova Scotia. We have had very stormy weather, and the snow has drifted the roads and the men had to break roads. I like my teacher very much. She has only been here a little while. I am in Grade IX., and plan to take my certificate next summer. When the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were in Canada, I was very interested in reading about them going from place to place, but did not have the pleasure of going to Halifax to see them. I have two sisters and no brothers. My eldest sister is in the United States. My youngest sister has very long hair. Easter is nearly here, and we are planning in our mission band to have a concert. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. Mamma said, my grandma used to take it when she was a little girl, and she liked to read it very much, and likes to read it just as well now. My grandfather built the first house in this place about fifty years ago. When he came the first time he had to come in a cart, because it was a forest then, and there were no roads. Grandma said there used to be lots of bears. We have very pretty falls here. It is said they are the highest in Nova Scotia. When the logs come down in the spring, it is a very beautiful sight to see them go over the falls. Sometimes they form in what is called a plug, under the falls, and men have to work to get them out. Under the falls is a cave, which is quite noted. A great many people have visited it, and carved their names on the walls. In winter, it is very nice skating on the brook, and in summer a great many go up the brook trout-fishing. We live six miles from New Germany Station, and immense quantities of lumber are hauled by here to send away on the cars. In my list of names I will send the name of my cousin, who lives in Mexico. He likes to read very much, and I am sure he will enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger.'

HANNAH V. L. (aged 13).

NOTE.

A. M. A. has sent us a beautifully written list of the Find-the-place Almanac texts.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Lauvina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I write to inform you that I received the Bible which I got for sending a club of four new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' It is a nice Bible. It is better than I expected. I do not know how to thank you for your kindness.

MERVIN A. BOONE.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Turn for Speed.

'It is because I have a turn for speed,' said Grandma Walton, when the young people begged to know how she managed to do her own work, to be an active member in the church, president of the Missionary Society, and the helpful friend of all who were in trouble.

'What a quaint expression it is—"a turn for speed,"' said one of the grandchildren, thoughtfully. 'I am not quite sure what it means.'

The old lady drew her knitting from the deep pocket in her apron before she spoke. Then as the gleaming needles began to fly, she said:

'A turn for speed means the habit of doing things swiftly. Many people move slowly, and do their work in an absent-minded way. My plan is to bend my best energies, both mental and physical, to the task on hand, and to carry it through in as short a time as possible.

'Secondly,' and the old lady pointed her little sermon by gesticulating with a shining needle, 'I fill in the chinks of time that lie between my appointed tasks. Much of the work that you wonder at is done at these times.

'And thirdly,' said the dear old lady, in her gentlest tones, 'I always keep in mind the fact that time is a great and ever-new gift from my heavenly Father, and that I will some day have to render him an account for the wasted days of my life. That thought alone,' she added, with a benevolent glance that included the ring of upturned faces about her, 'is quite enough to give to the most sluggishly-minded the desire to cultivate a "turn for speed."'—'Young People.'

Nuts as an Article of Diet.

The 'Popular Science News' quotes from Dr. Allsly the following enthusiastic recommendation of nuts as an article of food: 'The food of primeval man consisted of fruit and nuts, but with advancing civilization they were more and more neglected as an article of food until at last they have come to be looked upon as only a side-dish, to be used to a limited extent, and then only as an accessory to the table, a sort of luxury instead of a food. Nuts are not only exceedingly nutritious, but easy of digestion, if the skins, or inner linings, are discarded. They possess little, if any, starch, and therefore are a valuable substitute for other food in cases of obesity. They compel an amount of mastication which is given to nothing else. They perform a function of peptonization in the stomach, assist in preventing the formation of an excess of bile, and act as a gentle laxative. Persons suffering from dyspepsia will find great relief by making nuts a part of their daily diet.'

Treatment for Lightning Stroke.

A stroke of lightning is not necessarily fatal, in spite of the popular notion to the contrary. Prof. Oliver Lodge writes to the 'Liverpool Post' to warn the public against this belief, and his letter is thus condensed by the 'British Medical Journal': 'it (the lightning) stops the vital organs, he says, but it rarely destroys them. If respiration can be maintained artificially for a sufficient time, there is a fair chance that the heart will resume its suspended action, and that the stricken man will recover. The practical outcome of this is never to pronounce a lightning-struck person dead until the well-known method of resuscitation from drowning has been practiced upon the apparent corpse for two or three hours. Experience has justified this teaching both in America and in France. This is a matter of great importance.'

How to Give a Cat Medicine.

A New York gentleman has a very fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. 'Sure,' said she, 'give me the medicine and some lard and I'll warrant she'll be ating all I give her.' She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. 'Faith,' said the servant girl, 'everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat.'

Useful Hints.

If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, will last much longer, and always sweep as if new.

The most delicate way to boil an egg is to pour boiling water over it, and allow it to remain, without boiling, for ten minutes. It will be found to be perfectly cooked.

To preserve pickles from moulding: Drop a few slices or perhaps a few gratings of horseradish on the top of pickles in each jar. This addition adds piquancy to the cucumbers, and preserves their crispness.

An excellent substitute for plum-pudding is made as follows: One cupful of raisins, two cupfuls of bread-crumbs, one pint of milk, butter the size of an egg, one egg, teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cup of molasses. Place in a baking-dish and bake in a slow oven for about an hour or until firm. Serve hot with the usual plum-pudding sauce.

As a change from ordinary bread pudding try this: Put a quart of milk in a double boiler and grate into it a square of chocolate, add one heaping cupful of crushed dried bread and one-half cupful of brown sugar. When hot thicken with a tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in milk. Flavor with vanilla or any other preferred flavoring and serve with sugar and cream.

Selected Recipes.

Hollandaise Sauce.—Cream one-half a cupful of butter thoroughly, add one tablespoonful lemon juice, grating of nutmeg, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne; then add the yolks of three eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Stand the bowl over a teakettle of boiling water, slowly add one cupful of boiling water and stir constantly until it thickens. Serve hot.

Onion Souffle.—Boil six medium sized onions, changing the water after the first ten minutes, drain and chop fine, season with salt, white pepper, and one tablespoonful each of butter and cream; make a cupful of white sauce, when it boils add four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, the beaten yolks of two eggs and the onions; remove from fire at once, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and bake fifteen minutes.—New York 'Observer.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy: United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

Advertisements.

THE FAMOUS

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

The Ideal Food For Boys and Girls

Is made from the Whole Wheat Berry.

Is Light without Yeast or Baking Powder.

Is a Pure Food THOROUGHLY Cooked, ready to Eat.

Contains all the Nutriment of the Whole Wheat.

Ask Mother to send postal card for **Free Illustrated Cook Book** descriptive of this natural health-making and health-preserving food to

J. HEWITT,
61 Front Street, East, Toronto.

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

FLOWERS SEEDS 12c.

10 Packets for

All new, fresh seeds, guaranteed to please you or the amount paid refunded and the seeds given as a present.

Pansy	100 seeds	Phlox	100 seeds	Verbena	75 seeds
Petunia	100 seeds	Sweet Peas	75 seeds	Balsam	30 seeds
Asters	100 seeds	Pinks	100 seeds	Alyssum	200 seeds
Sweet Mignonette					200 seeds

SMITH SISTERS, Swansea, Ont.

he knows just as well the kind of a congregation you will have next Sunday night as he does half an hour before. If you should be in perfect harmony with his will, could he not direct you to-night to select a suitable subject?'

'But what good would it do if I were to announce the subject a week before?'

'If you, a minister of the gospel, who devote all of your time to the study of the truths of the Bible, are obliged to study beforehand to properly present a subject, how can you expect Deacon Jones, with his limited education, to make any really brilliant or even interesting remarks on the subject that you present? He has probably been reading about David and he might just as well have been reading about consecration.'

At this juncture Mrs. Clark left the room, and the minister sat and mused on her words.

Suddenly the door opened and a stranger entered the room.

Surprised that one should enter unannounced, the minister started to rise, but the appearance of the stranger stopped him, and in silence he watched developments. The stranger looked about the room for a few minutes, and then turning with a magnetic look at the pastor he simply said, 'Come.'

Mr. Clark arose, and impelled by some unseen force followed the man out into the street and out into the country.

After several miles of travel, they stopped at an old-fashioned farmhouse, etc. They entered and Mr. Clark was surprised, more than ever that their appearance attracted no attention.

The stranger led Mr. Clark up stairs to a large open window overlooking a field of ripe grain, and pointing to a chair he motioned the minister to sit down. Soon the sun began to peep over the distant hills and objects could be seen in the distance.

As they drew nearer they proved to be men, and each had a different article in his hand. One had a sickle and began to reap the ripened grain. Another had a spade and began to spade up the grain. Another had a pair of horses hitched to a waggon which he began to drive through the grain, thus treading down and destroying it.

The hours passed, and at noon a little grain had been harvested but more had been destroyed.

All at once a man came out and looked with astonishment at the work of devastation. He called to the men to come to him and they obeyed. He began to scold about so much grain being destroyed. One by one the men began to answer him, and their answer was the same: 'You ordered me to come and work on this field. You did not say whether you were going to harvest grain, dig potatoes, haul wood, or dig a well. You told us to take our tools and come to work. You did not tell us what tools to bring and you went away before we could ask. If our work is not a success it is because you did not tell us what you wanted done.'

The stranger here again motioned to Mr. Clark, and they again returned to the parsonage.

As Mr. Clark entered the study he turned to ask the stranger his name. He saw that he was alone.

The striking of the clock startled him, and he found himself seated in the chair as he was when his wife left him. 'I have been dreaming,' he said.

The next Sunday morning, as Mr. Clark finished his sermon, he said, 'My brothers and sisters, I am about to try a new experiment with our prayer meetings. In the future I shall announce the subject for Sunday evening at the close of the morning meeting, and I wish during the afternoon that you would pray over it, study it, and be prepared to clinch what I may say by condensed right-to-the-point remarks. To-night I shall talk on "faith," and may God help you all to be ready for work on this line.'

The church Sunday evening was crowded, and as soon as the meeting was opened Deacon Jones gave a brief yet telling testimony, followed by one after another—all on the same line.

Near the close of the meeting one young man arose and said: 'Friends, by profession I am a lawyer. When in court, when I hear twenty or thirty witnesses testify to essentially the same thing I must accept their testimony. I have heard forty to-night all testify to the results of faith in Christ. I, too, desire to renounce the claims of infidelity and accept the blood of Christ.'

This was the beginning of a glorious revival in Fairview. As the months rolled around people said, 'How the Fairview church is advancing. I used to think them old fogies, but, I declare, some of the most pointed and telling remarks are made by those who always used to say the same thing over and over again.'

The Rev. Mr. Clark says he is satisfied with his experiment, and sometimes laughingly remarks, 'If the people keep on I shall be forced to resign on account of lack of ability to lead the people farther on.'

Pastors, suppose you experiment in the same way, taking care that it is God that selects the subject—not you.

Advice.

A reader of the 'Messenger' has asked us to reprint the following poem from the 'Weekly Witness' of 1889.)

DON'T MARRY HIM TO REFORM HIM.

Don't marry a man to reform him!
  To God and your own self be true.
Don't link to his vices your virtue;
  You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
  Be not by his promises led;
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,
  He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him—
  To repent it, alas, when too late;
The mission of wives least successful
  Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
  And proved it a failure at last;
Better tread your life's path alone, dear,
  Than wed with a lover that's 'fast.'

Mankind's much the same the world over;
  The exceptions you'll find are but few;
When the rule is defeat and disaster,
  The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
  The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
  His fair name of honor and truth.

To 'honor and love' you must promise;
  Don't pledge what you cannot fulfil,
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
  Most surely you, then, never will.

'Tis told us the frown of a woman
  Is strong as the blow of a man,
And the world will be better when women
  Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;
  Place wrong-doing under a ban;
And let him who would win and wed you
  Prove himself in full measure a man!

A Man's 52 Years' Diary.

A man died lately at the age of 73, who at the age of 18 began keeping a record which he continued for fifty-two years, which is the best commentary we have seen on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. The book he left states that in fifty-two years this 'natural man' had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,023 he had paid about £2,000. In fifty-two years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,085 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent £1,000. The diary closes with the words: 'I have tried all things, I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing.'

A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the first missionary, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day.' (Tim. iv., 7.)

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Mar. 8, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Poetical Addresses to Scotsmen—The 'Academy,' London.
Death of Dr. Newman Hall—The 'Times,' London.
A Daughter of the Caesars—'M. A. P.,' London.
[illegible]
[illegible] New York 'World.'
[illegible] Correspondence of the [illegible]
Canada's Farm Wealth—By Herman Whitaker, in 'Amslee's' for March.
Welsh Colony in Patagonia—'Birmingham Post.'
Harvest on the Prairie—By Harold Bindloss, in 'The Gentleman's Magazine.'
Lacrosse—By Angus Evan Abbott in the 'Morning Post,' London.
On Playground Education—Springfield 'Republican.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Art of the Demure Babe—The 'Pilot,' London.
The Conundrum of Art—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Daily News,' London.
Sound is a Music—'The Spectator,' London

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Florentine Night—Poem, by Mary Robinson Duclaux, in New York 'Tribune.'
A [illegible] Poem by Edmund Gosse, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
Where the Bee Sucks—'Saturday Review.'
Dudes as a Boy—London 'Globe.'
A New Critic on Tennyson—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Old Humor—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
A Blind Guide—'The Speaker,' London. Abridged.
Monaco's Expensive Criminal—By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated for the Springfield 'Republican.'
The True Fast—'The Christian World,' Boston.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Steam Made While You Wait—'Pall Mall Gazette.'
Marconi on His System—'The Century.'
[illegible] 'Man Over the Face of the Earth' by Prof. [illegible] 'Popular Science Monthly.' Editor, L.

'WORLD WIDE
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,'
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 30, 1902.

Review and Easter Lessons.

John xx., 1-18. Acts i., 1; viii., 39.

Golden Text.

'Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.'—Acts iii., 36.

'Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.'—John xi., 25.

Daily Readings.

Monday, March 24.—John xx., 1-18.
Tuesday, March 25.—Matt. xvi., 21-28.
Wednesday, March 26.—Mark ix., 1-10.
Thursday, March 27.—Luke xxiv., 1-12.
Good Friday, March 28.—Rom. v., 1-11.
Saturday, March 29.—Matt. xxvii., 57-66.
Sunday, March 30.—I. Cor. xv., 1-20.

Lesson Text.

(6) Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, (7) And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. (8) Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed. (9) For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. (10) Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. (11) But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, (12) And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. (13) And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. (14) And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. (15) Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. (16) Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master. (17) Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. (18) Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

Suggestions.

The aim of these questions is to cover simply the Bible verses of the lesson. They are intended as an aid to busy teachers in getting out their own questions for their own classes. Every class in every school should have some sort of a review every three months in order to deepen and make permanent the impressions of each Sabbath's lesson. Many schools have adopted the plan of a written examination on Review Sabbath, and have found it to work very successfully.

These questions may be used in the different grades of classes by allowing the lower grades to answer only one half or two-thirds, while the higher grades may answer them all; the teachers of Bible classes will add special questions on the special topics that have been studied with each lesson. The pledge may be varied and made to include tobacco, swearing, and all hurtful habits.

Questions.

Lesson I.—Acts i., 1-14.

Who wrote the book of Acts? To whom is it dedicated?

During how many days was the Lord Jesus seen alive by the apostles after his resurrection?

Describe the Ascension.

What promise did Christ give to the disciples just before he ascended into heaven?

What did the angels say as the disciples stood looking up into the sky?

Where did the disciples go after this?

What did they do there?

Lesson II.—Acts ii., 1-21.

How many days did the disciples have to wait in prayer for Pentecost? How did the Holy Spirit come upon them? What did they do then? What effect had this on the crowds who came to hear?

Who came to the front and explained to the people about Pentecost?

To whom did he promise salvation?

Lesson III.—Acts ii., 37-47.

What effect had Peter's sermon on the multitude?

What did the disciples tell them to do?

How many obeyed?

Did they become steadfast Christians?

How did the church grow?

Lesson IV.—Acts iii., 1-16.

Where were Peter and John going when they saw the lame man?

What did this man ask them?

What did Peter answer?

How did the man show his faith?

Who worked this miracle through Peter?

How did the man act after he was healed?

What did the people in the Temple do when they saw him?

What did Peter then tell them?

Lesson V.—Acts iv., 1-22.

How did the Sadducees and priests feel about the preaching of the resurrection?

What did they do to Peter and John?

Did this frighten the apostles?

What did Peter say when he was brought before the Sanhedrim?

In whom or in what name can we be saved?

Is there any other way of salvation from sin?

What is salvation? Have you turned from your sins and found salvation in Christ?

Lesson VI.—Acts v., 1-11.

Who were the first hypocrites in the Christian church?

What did they plan to do? How did they succeed?

Why did God have to punish them so severely?

If they had been allowed to succeed in their scheme how would it have affected the rest of the church?

Can God do anything for a man who chooses to be insincere?

Is it right to pretend in any way to be better or greater than we really are?

What does God's word say about lying? Who is the father of lies? What place has the liar in eternity? (Rev. xxi., 8, 27; xxii., 15: Eph. iv., 25: Exodus xx., 16: Prov. vi., 16-19; vii., 22).

Lesson VII.—Acts v., 25-42.

Why were the chief priests and rulers angry with the apostles? Were the apostles afraid of these great men? Why not?

Whom did Peter say they ought to obey?

Who was Gemaliel? What advice did he give the Council?

How did the apostles feel about being persecuted?

Lesson VIII.—Acts vi., 1-15.

Who were the first seven deacons?

Why were they appointed?

What were their qualifications?

Why was Stephen specially persecuted?

How did Stephen look when brought before the Council?

Lesson IX.—Acts vii., 54; viii., 2.

How did the members of the Council feel about Stephen's address to them?

What did Stephen see when he looked up into heaven?

How did the Council treat him then?

How did Stephen meet death?

Who was a witness of Stephen's death?

How did this man treat the Christians?

Lesson X.—Acts viii., 3-17.

What made the disciples leave Jerusalem?

Where did Philip go?

How did the people treat him?

How did the people show their faith?

Who went down from Jerusalem to help in the revival?

What happened when they prayed?

Who was Simon? What did he do? Why was he rebuked?

Lesson XI.—Acts viii., 26-40.

Where did God tell Philip to go next.

How did Philip obey?

Whom did Philip meet on the road?

What was this man doing?

What did the Spirit tell Philip to do?

How did the ruler receive Philip?

What effect had Philip's preaching?

Lesson XII.—Ephesians v., 11-21.

With whom should we have fellowship? How will this keep us out of the darkness of sin? (I. John i., 3-7).

Who will give us light?

How should we spend our time?

What does the Bible say about drunkenness?

How does the drunkard begin his career?

Have you signed the pledge?

If not, will you now sign your name to this?—

I promise, by the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drink as a beverage, and to try to influence others to do the same.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., March 30.—Topic.—The risen life; Christ's; ours. Luke xxiv., 1-12; Col. iii., 1-10. (Easter service.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

EASTER LESSONS.

Mon., March 24.—'I am the Resurrection,' John xi., 25.

Tues., March 25.—We also shall rise.—I. Cor. vi., 14.

Wed., March 26.—'Raised in glory.'—I. Cor. xv., 42-44.

Thu., March 27.—'Ever with the Lord.'—I. Thess. iv., 17.

Fri., March 28.—A changed Body.—Ph. I. iii., 21.

Sat., March 29.—A glorified Christ. Rev. i., 18.

Sun., March 30.—Topic—Easter lessons. John xx., 1-18.

Tyranny of Prohibition.

(By J. B. Finch, in 'League Journal.')

Once while I was speaking in Iowa a gentleman interrupted me, saying, 'Mr. Finch if this Government should pass a prohibitory liquor law it would become a tyranny.'

I said to him—'Please say that again, and say it slowly so I can catch it.'

He repeated it—'If the Government passes a prohibitory liquor bill, the law becomes a tyranny.'

I asked—'Sir, who is the Government?'

He answered—'The people.'

'The Government being the people, if a prohibitory liquor law is made by its authority, it must be either an organic law ordered by a direct vote of the people or statutory or functional law, enacted by the people, through their delegated representative?'

'Yes, sir.'

'If the operation of such a law is tyrannical, then the people are the tyrants.'

'Yes.'

'Over whom are the people going to tyrannize?'

'The people.'

I asked him if that would not be a good deal like a man sitting down on himself.

It is the grossest kind of ignorance to say that in this country, where all political power is inherent to the people, any despotism can ever exist until the people place themselves in a position where they cannot govern themselves.

Lizzie's Treats.

(By Eva A. Madden, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

(Continued.)

'Don't Aunt Sally look mad! I wonder what's the matter? Hear how loud they are talking,' for the old woman, paying no attention to Lizzie's hurried—'Don't talk so loud, Aunt Sally! It'll be all right to-morrow. I'll 'tend to it sure,' raised her voice so that Carolyn and Amy distinctly heard her tell Lizzie, 'I'll inform Mister Johnnie, sho', Miss Lizzie, I ain't gwine put up wid dis bisness no longer.' And she shot an angry look after the girl hurrying across the street to join her friends.

'Why, what's the matter with Aunt Sally?' was Amy's instant question.

'Oh, nothing much,' answered Lizzie quickly. 'Somebody's been making her angry, and she was telling me about it. Oh, say, girls,' turning the subject, 'do you know that algebra lesson for to-morrow is something awful,' and in a moment she had sailed quite clear from the subject of the recent talk, leaving the girls none the wiser, but it must be confessed a good deal mystified by the movements of their new friend.

Had they seen the smile fade from her pretty face as the owner left them at Third avenue and Chestnut street, and further seen her some fifteen minutes later emerge from the rear way of the big house with a large bundle under her arm, cautiously look right and left, and then disappear towards Ninth street, Carolyn's suspicions would have received enough foundation to threaten the new friendship. As it was, nobody saw her and Carolyn and Lucy imagined her eating her dinner in Mrs. Arlington's handsome dining room.

After this, whenever in their noon walk, they approached Aunt Sally's vicinity, Lizzie contrived to invent some excuse to turn their steps in an opposite direction. So ill at ease was she that when in study hour Miss Ward stepped from her room to the door and called 'Miss Boyd,' she gave so violent a jump that the girls laughed and Miss Ward hastened to say, 'Why, Miss Boyd, it's nothing terrible, I only want you to go to the basement and hunt a roll-book I left there at recess.'

Lizzie, laughing at her foolishness, rose hastily, flattered at being selected for the errand, only trusted girls ever being sent to the basement during school hours. She was gone but a few moments, Miss Ward having barely missed her when she returned, the book in her hand, and a half-frightened look on her face.

'Oh, thank you, you found it then. You had quite a hunt for it, didn't you,' and Miss Ward received her marble-backed roll-book from the girl, who, with the explanation that she had found it in the Junior Hall, hastily gathered up her books to join her division moving towards the history room.

'It's the funniest thing,' whispered Carolyn next morning to Amy behind a song-book, held up to conceal disobedience to rules for they were in the chapel.

'What, Carrie?' and Amy elevated her song-book.

'Why Lizzie Boyd, of course,' answered Carolyn, impatiently. 'Yesterday afternoon, if you believe me, I saw her and Aunt Sally on the corner talking again. I was just behind them, and I saw Lizzie hand Aunt Sally something. Then I heard Aunt Sally promise not to tell "Mister Johnnie"; you know she calls professor that. They didn't see me and I went into that confectionery for a moment or two. Standing at the door, I saw Lizzie come out of Mrs. Arlington's with a big bundle. Isn't it queer,' she continued, not telling Amy of her long wait in the confectionery just to see if Lizzie would come out again, for Carolyn had her own suspicions.

'What of that?' asked Amy with her customary loyalty. 'She was sent on an errand, I guess.'

'But she had her books and acted just as if that wasn't her home. She went out towards that horrid Ninth street just as fast as she could go,' insisted Carolyn, her voice full of excitement.

'Why, Carrie, do you suppose?' began Amy, but the bell for silence stopped her. Professor Sloane was

announcing the loss of a bracelet, a gold bangle with a five-dollar gold piece attached. Carolyn watching, saw Lizzie Boyd change color, and fix her eyes on the books in her lap. She never raised them when Prof. Sloane dwelt on the dishonesty of retaining found property. Carolyn wrote her suspicions on a slip of paper, and passed it to Amy, who nodded mysteriously.

When, however, Carolyn related the matter to Lucy at recess she was furious.

'Ain't you ashamed?' she cried. 'I wouldn't be as suspicious as you, Carolyn Lindsey, not for a pretty. You're always hinting at things about people. When I am a friend I am one. "Once a friend always a friend."'

Carolyn said nothing, but later in the day shot a triumphant glance at Lucy, when Delia, the janitor's daughter, appeared in the Latin room, announcing that Miss Boyd was to report at once to the office.

'And she is to bring her books.'

Even Lucy wondered at Lizzie's white face, as she followed Delia from the room. It was to grow whiter still when she opened the office door and her eyes to grow big and frightened looking, for by the window sat a plain-featured woman in shabby black.

'O mother!' and Lizzie shrank back at the sight of that well known figure. Professor Sloane, standing by his desk, wheeled around and surveyed Lizzie with a look on his face, which made her cower, and bury her face in her hands.

'Sit down,' he said shortly.

'She done it. I know it now. You needn't ask her,' And her mother, giving one look at Lizzie's face, turned toward the window in an attempt to hide the tears that began streaming down her face.

'Miss Boyd,' asked the principal, ignoring the interruption, 'did you give this piece of money to Aunt Sally?' and he held out a five-dollar gold-piece with a hole drilled through it.

At the sight Lizzie burst into tears. 'I did it. I'm sorry,' and she sobbed convulsively. 'Oh, I wish we had stayed in the country! Oh, I wish I was dead.'

Out came the confession. There was no trouble about it. The poor child was only too willing to get rid of the burden that had been wearing her out day and night.

Professor Sloane, listening, felt more than sorry for this foolish little girl as he heard how she could not stand Amy and Carolyn thinking her poor. She wanted to do as they did. She didn't see why they had fine clothes and pocket-money and she none; and she was ashamed of being poor. She knew, she sobbed, that they thought she lived with Mrs. Arlington. She told how Aunt Sally had promised to wait a week for the money for the first luncheon. The professor frowned, remembering Aunt Sally's faithful promise. Then he heard how Lizzie had expected to sell some old schoolbooks to pay the first debt, but nobody wanted them. Ashamed to own up to her friends she had kept on with her treats. The bill had grown until she was ashamed and afraid to ask her mother to help her. The temptation had come when Aunt Sally had threatened to report her. By accident, Miss Ward had sent her to the basement for the roll-book. On the steps lay the bracelet. In a moment it was slipped into her pocket.

'I did mean to give it back at first,' she sobbed, 'I meant to come up and give it to you, but Aunt Sally met me. She threatened to tell on me, and I paid her with the gold piece. I owed her five dollars.'

'Five dollars!' Her mother aghast, turned from the window. Five dollars spent in luncheon for rich girls, when her hours of sewing lasted until midnight. Five dollars for luncheons, and hardly the money in her purse to pay for the day's dinner. She looked toward her daughter, reproach in her eyes, but Professor Sloane was already giving the needed reproof.

'Didn't I forbid you girls going into debt? By accident I discovered this money in Aunt Sally's possession. She brings her earnings to my wife to keep for her. The step from debt to theft—you may well start at the ugly word—is but a short one.' Then his tone softened as he saw Lizzie's frightened face. 'You will find, my dear girl, that many of the people whom we call dishonest, are no more wicked at heart than you were when you asked Aunt Sally to credit you. It all comes, Mrs. Boyd,' and he frowned impatiently, 'of this American habit of ours of wanting to be as fine as our neighbors. See where it has led this child, into selfishness, deceit, debt, and dishonesty. Be thankful, Lizzie, the check has come now while you are new to sin. What right had you to run up a bill with a poor, ignorant old woman struggling to get her bread? You had no means of repayment. You know that the very clothes you wear are given you by Mrs. Arlington. Above all, child, how could you, how could you, forget this mother, sewing day after day to give you an education? How could you forget the sacrifice she has made in coming to the city to send you to school, how could you in your enjoyment, forget her in her hard work and poverty? I know this hurts,' for Lizzie was crying bitterly.

'Never mind, Mrs. Boyd. It will do her good,' for the mother felt every word as keenly as a blow.

'Now, Lizzie,' he went on. 'You know that the just punishment for you is expulsion.'

She started and gave a cry of distress, while her mother's face turned white at this threatened disgrace.

(To be continued.)

The Little Brown Seed.

('Child Garden.')

A little brown seed way down in the ground
Was sleeping so hard he heard not a sound
Till the robin called in a voice so shrill.
He sleepily said, 'Oh, robin, be still!'

'Wake!' said the robin. 'Oh, Johnnie, jump up!
You're late. It's most time for sweet buttercup.
You must come first, dear violet, you know,
Johnnie, jump up, jump up and grow!'

So Johnnie awoke and pushed out of bed,
First his green leaves, then yellow head,
It made him so happy to see the sunlight
He bowed to the robin and said,
'You were right!'

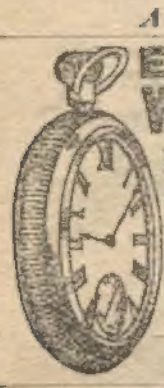
Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Advertisements.



EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co.,** Box 403, **Toronto.**

FREE

Solid Gold or Silver composition curb chain bracelet given for selling at 15c. each only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins. Sell them return $1.05, and receive this beautiful Bracelet postpaid. **JEWELRY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

100 RARE STAMPS 10c

Choice collection, all foreign, including stamps from Austria, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Africa, etc., etc. Mailed postpaid 10c. silver. Grand Bonanza Collection containing 1000 rare foreign stamps, mailed postpaid 25c. silver. Order to-day and receive our big Illustrated Catalogue. **JOHNSTON & Co., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

FREE

GOLD WATCH Lady's or Gent's size, handsomely engraved double hunting case, 14k. gold finished, stem wind and set, with reliable **jewelled** movement given for selling only 4 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money and receive your handsome watch, postpaid. **The Prize Seed Co., Box 438 Toronto, Ont**

FREE OPALS AND RUBIES

Elegantly engraved Gold Ring, set with 3 large beautiful imitation **Opals,** showing all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, and 3 exquisitely cut very flashing **Rubies.** A magnificent piece of jewelry. Looks well worth $50.00. Given for selling, at 10c. each, only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea seeds, each package containing 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. They sell like hot cakes. Write for seeds, sell them, return $1.20, and we mail this superb Ring in a velvet box. **Prize Seed Co., Box 449 Toronto.**

FREE

Gold Inlaid Solid Alaska Silver Watch, open face, stem wind and set, screw back and bezel, highly finished and positively dust proof. The movement is **full-jewelled** with quick train and expansion balance, perfectly regulated and adjusted, a thoroughly reliable **Time-keeper. Given** for selling only 3 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 largest most fragrant flowering varieties. **Everybody buys them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return the money, and we send this magnificent Gold Inlaid Watch, postpaid. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 451 Toronto**

FREE

GRAPHOPHONE Given for selling at 15c. each, only 2 doz. fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows: Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit, with complete instructions, **Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 12c., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.**

Advertisements.

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon, Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large powerful Achromatic Telescope

Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe, measures 10½ inches when closed and nearly 3 ft. when open, is filled with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass caps to exclude dust. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Our Special 60 Day Introductory Price, only, 99c. postpaid.** This is a great chance. Don't miss it, order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

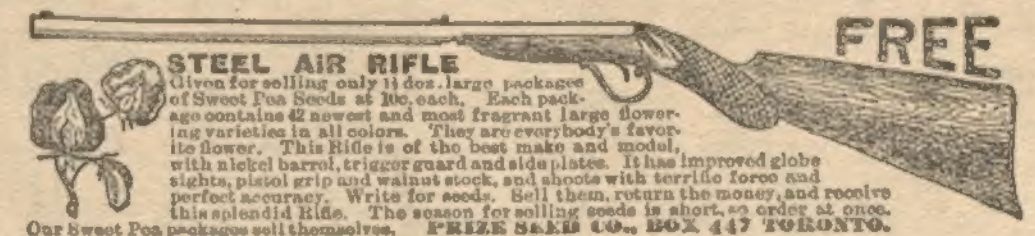
RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages consists of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 35c. a box, or 3 boxes for 90. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 Toronto.**

44 PIECE TEA SET

FREE

44 PIECE CHINA TEA SET 12 CUPS, 12 SAUCERS, 12 TEA PLATES, 2 CAKE PLATES, 1 TEA POT AND COVER, 1 SUGAR BOWL AND COVER, 1 CREAMER AND 1 SLOP BOWL. Beautiful white porcelain ware, newest pattern, elegantly decorated in pale green or terra cotta red. A REGULAR $5.00 SET. GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable gold finished Hat Pins, elegantly designed and set with superb imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, Sapphires, etc. These pins sell regularly in the big Toronto stores at 25c. At our price, 15c. THEY GO LIKE WILD-FIRE. Write and we send Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we ship this MAGNIFICENT 44 PIECE TEA SET, carefully packed. Write to-day. THE AGENTS TRADING CO., Box 456 TORONTO.



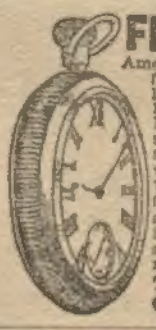
FREE

STEEL AIR RIFLE

Given for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. This Rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel barrel, trigger guard and side plates. It has improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for seeds. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Rifle. The season for selling seeds is short, so order at once. Our Sweet Pea packages sell themselves. **PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 447 TORONTO.**

LACE REMNANTS FOR ALMOST NOTHING

Having bought a big lot of laces at about a sixth of their real value, we are able to offer some most astonishing bargains. Our large assorted packages, contain some of the finest White Laces, Linen Torchon Laces in exquisite patterns, Spanish and Languedoc Cream Laces, Black Chantilly Laces, Guipure, Valenciennes, Oriental and American Laces, Swiss Embroidery Trimmings, etc., etc. Just the thing for trimming underwear, dresses, aprons, pillow-shams, tidies, etc. Lengths vary from 2 to 4 and 5 yards. Do not fail to take advantage of this grand chance. One big package, 35c.; or 3 for 90c., postpaid. **MILLINERY SUPPLY CO., BOX 410 TORONTO.**



FREE

We give this handsome polished nickel Watch American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your neat reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 403 TORONTO.**

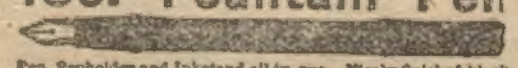
Magic Lantern

With powerful adjustable lenses, showing dozens of comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc., given for selling at 15c each, only 8 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. Jewelry Co., Box 419 Toronto.

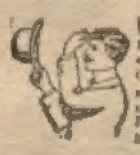
FREE

New Princess Bracelet, elegant design consisting of 28 large beautiful imitation Pearls 48 splendid deep blue imitation Turquoise and a superb medallion of a beautiful Cherub in colors in a fancy Gold setting. Given for selling only 6 large beautiful packages of delicious Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return 60c. and we mail this superb Bracelet. Rose Perfume Co., Box 452 Toronto.

15c. Fountain Pen



Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black Japanned holder and cap. Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanized rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. Is always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest bargain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c. each. Our price only 15c. each or $1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto, Ont.**



HAT MIRROR and HAT MARK.

Handsome Mirror, elegantly mounted in flexible leatherette, embossed in bright gilt, with space for owner's name. Can be instantly attached to any hat, ladies or gents. The neatest thing out. Light as a feather. A handsome and useful ornament. Needed by everybody. A HOT SELLER FOR AGENTS. Sample 10c., 3 for 25c., 1 doz. 75c., postpaid. THE NOVELTY CO., Box 401 Toronto

FREE WATCH

Boys! We give this handsome and reliable nickel plated American Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 of the largest flowering and most fragrant varieties. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return $2.40, and receive this Watch, with Chain and Charm. Prize Seed Co., Box 458 Toronto.

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling at **15c.** each, only 7 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return $1.05 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. Jewelry Co., Box 403, Toronto.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling only 1 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds. Sell them, return 60c. and we send this real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 445 TORONTO**

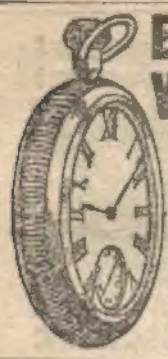
McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face. What causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 15c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto

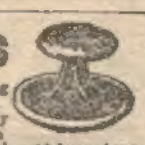
FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved Gold Ring, given for selling only 10 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant large flowering varieties in all colors. Write for Seeds, sell them, return $1.00 and receive this beautiful Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Prize Seed Co., Box 403 Toronto**

Advertisements.



Earn This Watch



by selling at 10c. each, only 2 dozen

Collar Buttons with rolled gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. They are something everybody needs and therefore very easy to sell. This Watch is neat in appearance, with silver nickel ornamented case, hour, minute and seconds hands, and fitted with a reliable and durable movement that with care will last 10 years. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Watch, postpaid. Be sure to write to-day. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 427, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE

3 Beautiful Opals that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a nicely engraved gold Ring given for selling at 10c. each, only 10 **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., BOX 405, Toronto.**

151 Songs 10c

Words and Music Complete, the latest hits and the choicest gems of songs, A Wreath of Roses, Anvil Chorus, Dream On, The Man in the Moon, Work Nigger Work, Old Zip Coon and 145 other Scotch, Irish, English, coon, comic and pathetic, of love, war, the sea, etc. A grand collection, one volume, clearly printed and attractively bound. Price 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., Box 401 Toronto**

FREE

GOLD CASED

Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. fashionable Hat Pins set with handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and receive this handsome watch, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**

MAGIC LANTERN

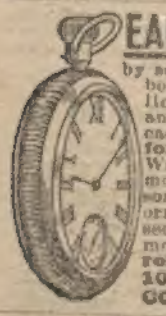
with powerful adjustable lenses, showing 72 comic views of boys and girls, men and women, wild animals, etc. given for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. gold-topped ivory backed lever Collar Buttons. **They are easy to sell.** Everybody needs them. Write for Buttons. Sell them, return the money, and receive this splendid Magic Lantern and outfit, all charges paid. You can make lots of money giving Magic Lantern shows. **GOLDALOID CO., BOX 419 TORONTO.**

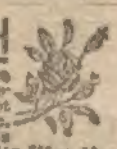
FREE

GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON

Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, oblonized case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. Each package contains 42 new and most fragrant varieties in all colors. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Seeds, sell them, return the money, and we will send you this magnificent Accordeon. The Rose Seed Co., Box 429 Toronto.

EARN THIS WATCH





by selling only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume, at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, Sell it, return the money and we send postpaid this handsome polished silver nickel Watch with ornamented edge, hour, minute and seconds hands, and genuine American movement. **It is accurate and reliable and with care will last 10 years. THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 403 TORONTO, ONT.**

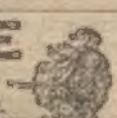
Dancing Skeleton

A WHOLE SHOW AT HOME.

This lively and amusing skeleton is 14 inches high, with movable legs and arms; will dance to music and perform astonishing tricks. Any boy or girl can operate it. Sent with complete directions with our big catalogue for 10 cents silver or 3 for 25c. **NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO**

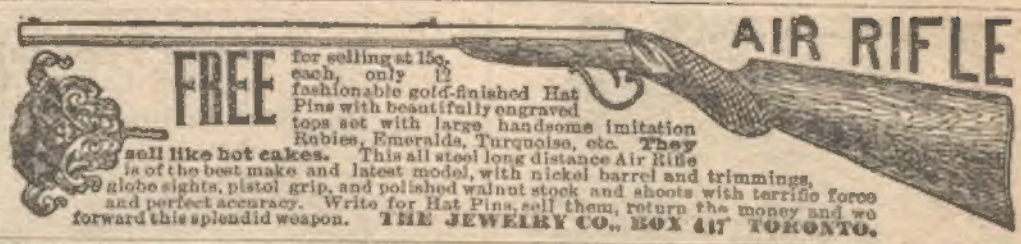
FREE

GRAND SOLO ACCORDEON



Beautifully finished, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, oblonized case, open action and double bellows, nickelled protectors and clasps, given for selling at 15c. each, only 15 fashionable Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money, and we will send you this magnificent Accordeon. The Jewelry Co., Box 439 Toronto.

Advertisements.



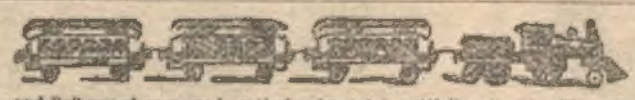
FREE

AIR RIFLE

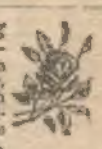
for selling at 15c. each, only 12 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This all steel long distance Air Rifle is of the best make and latest model, with nickel barrel and trimmings, globe sights, pistol grip, and polished walnut stock and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write for Hat Pins, sell them, return the money and we forward this splendid weapon. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 417 TORONTO.**

FREE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

Given for selling at only 15c. each, only 10 fashionable gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. **They sell like hot cakes.** This camera takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. With it any boy or girl can make good photographs. The Outfit consists of 1 box Dry Plates, 1 pkg. Hypo., 1 Printing Frame, 2 developing Trays, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper, 1 pkg. Silver paper, and full Directions. Write and we mail Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send your Camera and Outfit, postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 427, TORONTO**



FREE Lightning Express.



Runs by clockwork. Consists of an up-to-date locomotive, a tender, flat car, box car, passenger coach and Pullman sleeper, made entirely of metal, beautifully colored. Given for selling only 4 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this complete train postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 412, Toronto.**

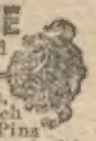
A FREE PRESENT FOR ONE HOUR'S WORK
Our Rose, Violet and Heliotrope Perfume packages at the remarkably low price of 10c. each, are the wonder of the day. They are beautifully decorated with lovely designs of flowers and leaves in attractive colors, and are filled with deliciously fragrant perfume, warranted to last for years. EVERYBODY WILL BUY, THEY GO LIKE WILDFIRE. NO MONEY NEEDED. WE TRUST YOU. Send your name and address and we mail 12 packages of perfume, Sell at 10c. each. Send us the $1.20 you receive, and we will forward any Premium in our List given for selling $120 worth, or if you decide to work for one of our higher priced Premiums we will send you as many more packages as you desire. Write to-day. ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 423 TORONTO.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

A **Solid Gold** Lady's or Gent's Watch costs from **$25 to $50. Don't throw your money away.** If you want a **watch** that will equal in appearance and time-keeping qualities any **Solid Gold Watch** ever made, send us your name and address at once and agree to sell at 10c. each only 5 doz. packages of deliciously sweet Violet, Heliotrope and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. The packages are covered with lovely designs of flowers and leaves in colors. Their beauty is equalled only by their fragrance. A single package will perfume a trunk, bureau drawer or handkerchief box for years. **They sell like hot cakes. Read what agents say:** "I received the Perfume and sold it all in 15 minutes."—THOS. BARRY, Amherstburg, Ont. "I sold all the Perfume in less than half an hour."—ARCHIE STEELE, Sarnia Tunnel, Ont. **Don't miss the chance of your life.** Write to-day and we will mail the Perfume. When sold send us the money and we will forward you this magnificent **Watch.** It is richly Gold finished, elegantly engraved, stem wind and set and fitted with an imported jewelled movement **fully guaranteed.** It looks like a $50 Solid Gold Watch. All we ask is that when you receive the Watch you will show it to your friends and tell them how you got it. Hundreds have received Watches from us and are more than delighted with them. "I received the gold watch yesterday and must say that I am more than pleased and satisfied with it. It far exceeds my expectations."—LENA KEELER, Welcome, Ont. "I got my watch all right and think it is a dandy. Everybody was surprised at it. You have treated me well."—THOMAS RIDGE, Pontypool, Ont. "I received my watch all right about two weeks ago and I am very well pleased with it. My friends praise it highly."—ELBERT EVANS, Duncan's, B.C. **THIS IS A GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY TO GET A FINE WATCH WITHOUT PAYING A CENT FOR IT.** Write at once.

CANADIAN PREMIUM SYNDICATE, Toronto, Ontario.

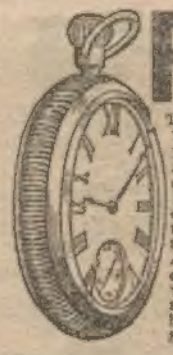
FREE STEAM ENGINE



With iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, given for selling at 15c. each only 4 Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Write for Pins, sell them, return the money, and we send this well-made real Steam Engine with Spirit Lamp, Funnel, etc., all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., Box 445 Toronto, Ontario.**

We give this PEARL HANDLED FOUR-BLADED KNIFE for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10c. each. Each package contains 42 fragrant varieties in all colors. Write for seeds, sell them, return 60c., and receive this beautiful knife postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 448 TORONTO, ONT.**

Free



This handsome silver nickel Watch, with fancy edge and reliable movement, given for selling, at 10c. each, only 2 doz. **Jewel Top Lead Pencils**, full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the Tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Sapphires, Emeralds, Amethysts, Rubies and Turquoise. **Just out. All the rage. They go like wildfire.** Write for Pencils. Sell them, return the money, and we will send your handsome Watch, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Co., Box 403 Toronto.**

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case, with enamel trimmings and gilt decorations given for selling at 15c. each only 10 fashionable Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Amethysts, Emeralds, etc. These Hat Pins are sold regularly for 25c. At our price, only 15c., every lady will buy one or more. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send your Accordeon all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 425, TORONTO.**

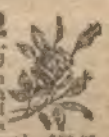
FREE

NEW WONDERFUL MANDOLIAN

Exactly like the finest Mandolin but played with keys, beautifully made of highly polished California Redwood; measures 17 x 4 x 5 inches; superior steel strings, strong clear musical tone, can be played by anyone after only a few minutes' practice. Always in tune. **A marvellous Instrument. Given** absolutely free for selling at 15c. each, only 1 doz. fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Sapphires, Turquoises, etc. They look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return $1.80 and receive this magnificent Instrument complete with music and instructions. Jewelry Co., Box 457 Toronto

FREE

GOLD CASED



Watch, elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with an excellent jewelled movement. This watch looks worth $50.00. We give it for selling only 3 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and receive this handsome Gold Cased watch, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 429 TORONTO**